



The Prince of Wales and Princess Elizabeth, with King George V and Queen Mary, driving back to Balmoral after a service in the church at Crathie
(*Topical Press*)

KING EDWARD VIII
- DUKE OF WINDSOR

by

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INTRODUCTION

Two generations have been absorbed into the life of Britain, and the countries of the Commonwealth, since the abdication of King Edward VIII, seventeen years ago. The older generation—now at work, in the services, or at the universities—grew up during the reign of George VI, and their conception of contemporary monarchy was focussed on his good, quiet, authentic influence as a king. His character was revealed in the first speech he ever made, at the age of eighteen, when he said of the gifts necessary in a great leader: "To my mind he must possess three great qualities: personality, sympathy, and above all, idealism. . . . Nobody can lead unless he has the gift of vision, and the desire in his soul to leave things in the world a little better than he found them." Young men and women, now in their twenties, were maturing during the years when their King was living up to this exacting ideal; and their loyalty, and devotion to the Crown, has been formed accordingly.

The younger generation, now in the schools, is growing up in the promising light of what we are pleased to call *The New Elizabethan Age*. The phrase is more imaginative than realistic, but it nevertheless reveals the hopeful, young spirit of our time, at the beginning of the reign of a young Queen, who is already keeping the promise she made when she came of age: "I declare before you all that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service. . . ."

For both these generations, numbering millions, in Britain and the Commonwealth, King Edward VIII is a remote figure, overshadowed and forgotten in the exiled wanderer—a middle-aged man, devoted to travel and pleasure. Only my generation, and those who are older, remember the young Prince of Wales, shining with promise, to whom we gave our trust, during the years following the 1914-1918 war.

Since King Edward VIII abdicated, in 1936, with the harsh

renunciation: "I now quit altogether public affairs," he has had few interests which we can share. We became accustomed to his successor—a king who ruled us, without any political power, but through the example of his solemn, and simple, sense of duty. We have since enjoyed the excitement of crowning a young queen, and the hope that she might inspire her people to ascend to prosperity and strength, comparable with the days of the first Elizabeth, or the reign of Queen Victoria. The Duke of Windsor has therefore been eclipsed by these events: he has become a stranger in what was once his kingdom.

The result of this is unfortunate because, in considering, day by day, the newspaper reports of the life he now leads, we are inclined to neglect, and forget his early story.

For this reason, I have taken out my book, which describes these early years, and I have revised it, with the hope that it will remind the two younger generations that the Duke of Windsor has his honourable place in the history of England; and that the furtive part he now plays, against alien backgrounds, is separate, and does not detract from the story of his selfless and sincere service to his country, before circumstances seduced him away from his promises, and his duties.

It seems incredible when we look back at the beginning of King Edward's story, and realize, not only the years, but the changes that have come since the day he was born—June 23, 1894. Less than three months before, Mr Gladstone had made his last speech in the House of Commons: on March 1, he had travelled down to Windsor, to kiss the Queen's hand in farewell. On March 3, Queen Victoria had acted with an independence that would be incompatible with constitutional monarchy today: she had written to Lord Rosebery, without consulting her Ministers, urging him "to accept the Premiership, if even only for a short time, for the good of the country."

We look back at the records of the day in June—when the Prince was born at White Lodge, in Richmond Park: we read of Winston S. Churchill, aged twenty, serving in Queen Victoria's army, and of David Lloyd George, aged thirty-one,

described as "the young champion of Welsh Nationalism."

England slumbered in security, false but pleasant: the war in South Africa—the last of the fourteen major campaigns fought in Queen Victoria's reign—was yet to come. The Prince was to grow up during years of tribulation, but there was no hint of this when his great-grandmother drove up Richmond Hill, on July 16, to see the "dear, fine baby" being christened.

My story, in the following pages, is, I believe, an honest record of the episodes in the life of the ex-King. Some of these episodes stand out as a key to his character, and motives, when he was young. One recalls the boyhood story of his remark to Lord Roberts, that when he became King he would "pass a law against cutting puppy dogs' tails," and one to prevent "them" from using bearing reins on horses. We turn to a picture of him at the age of seventeen, being invested as Prince of Wales, and promising to be "a husband to his country and a father to his people." Then Oxford, a youth of twenty, devoted perhaps to his banjo rather than to his books, liked by everyone who met him. "He will never be a British Solomon," said the President of Magdalen, but he added that "all the time" the Prince was "learning more and more every day of men, gauging character, watching its play, getting to know what Englishmen are like..." Then the war, and the day in October 1914 when the Prince dashed up the stairs of the War Office and begged Lord Kitchener to allow him to go with his regiment to France. "What does it matter if I am shot?" he pleaded. "I have four brothers." Then service in France, Egypt and Italy—and the end of the war when he stood, wearing his uniform, on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, beside his father and mother.

To this point in the Prince's story, the theme seems simple and reassuring: he had grown in strength, through all these changing phases. Then began eight years of wandering, to the countries of the Commonwealth; eight years during which there was no permanence in his life, and no pattern of friendships in which he would learn more of the secrets of human nature.

When I wrote this book, some sixteen years ago, I blamed these years of hurry and change for the restlessness of spirit, and habits, which became the Prince's inward enemy. Still more, in view of the way the ex-King has lived since his abdication, this seems true—that, in urging him on, from country to country, year after year, the Government robbed him of his tranquility. His popularity and his charm were exploited, ruthlessly, and in the final assessing of blame for the King's change of temperament, we might condemn the Government of the time rather than the King himself.

Once more, the long span of the years is impressed on us. Since the Prince of Wales made his incredible journeys, the shape and character of the Commonwealth have changed. Bombay, where the Prince landed in November 1921, and pleaded, so naively, "I want you to know me and I want to know you," is now part of free India. Lord Louis Mountbatten, who stood beside his cousin when he made this friendly plea in 1921, was to make the journey again, in 1947, and negotiate the terms of India's freedom. Karachi, where the Prince paused to receive the homage of the people of Sind, is now the capital of a new country which has become a republic—Pakistan—not even dreamed of when the Prince went there, thirty-three years ago.

The story of the eight years during which the Prince visited all his father's realm, is told in this book. But there is one thought that is new. King Charles I said, towards the end of his life, "A subject and a sovereign are clean different things." All the meaning of kingship, and of accepting the inspiration of an anointed sovereign, lies in this difference. Queen Victoria, humble as a woman, but certain of the inviolate majesty of her crown, maintained this difference. Mr. Gladstone gave a hint of this when he wrote of his Queen, "Parliaments and Ministers pass, but she abides in lifelong duty, and she is to them as the oak in the forest is to the annual harvest in the field."

An aura of mysticism surrounded Queen Victoria, especially when she was old. King Edward VII, and King George V also

kept this inward kingliness, while democratic institutions were doing their best to popularise the monarchy—to overlook the spiritual and religious implications of the Coronation service, and treat royal persons as not being “clean different” from their subjects. The hand-shaking tours of the Prince of Wales dispelled much of this mystery and sense of difference. Loyalty and affection were no doubt the inspiration of the incredible scenes, (in Canada, the hand-shaking was so vigorous that the Prince went in constant pain and he was unable to write any letters), but the monarchy lost some of its aloof value in this friendly exchange. The demands made on the Prince were inhuman, and one might expect that a lesson would have been learned from his experience. But no: thirty-two years later, the present Queen stood in the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa and shook hands with 1,500 people: in six days she shook hands with 3,100 people; she inspected 11 guards of honour, made three speeches, signed 11 golden books, and listened to *God Save the King* 32 times. In one day she attended 16 functions. Too late, the reporters remembered the torture the Prince of Wales had endured, and they pleaded, “Let us be kind to the Princess.”

The lesson that emerges from the Prince's experience should be remembered: it is splendid that members of the royal family should travel and be seen, but there is the danger that, in these constant migrations, they have no chance of growing in private strength and of enjoying those inward refreshments of the heart and mind which make for wisdom. It is a dangerous experiment to create a merely popular sovereign, and in doing so, sacrifice the deeper advantages of possessing a wise one.

In view of the fact that the Prince ultimately married an American, and has spent so much of his exile in America, it is interesting to look back at the beginning of this theme. His grandfather had paved the way for this American interest when, at the age of eighteen, he went to Washington and planted a chestnut tree beside Washington's tomb, at Mount Vernon. *The Times* correspondent who was with him wrote,

"It seemed that he was burying the last faint trace of discord between us and our great brethren in the West." This 1860 tour of Prince Albert Edward of Wales had a warm influence on all his future, and also on English society. Many of the Americans he met became his friends when he returned to England. Similarly, his grandson was easily absorbed into American life, and when he returned to England, during the years preceding his accession, he gathered an Anglo-American society about him and showed that he would not be satisfied with the essentially English Court enjoyed by his father.

The Prince tried to settle into English life when he returned from South America in 1925: he made his home in St. James's Palace and he gave his heart, and his time, to every charitable cause that appealed to him. But there were more long journeys to increase the theme of unsettlement and restlessness. In 1927, he again went to Canada and the United States, with the Duke of Kent and Mr. Baldwin, to open the Peace Bridge at Buffalo: in 1928 he went to East Africa, and again to Africa in 1930. In 1931 he went once more to the Argentine. Newspapers noted that he was the "most travelled man in the world," but nobody in authority—except Queen Mary—seemed to be aware of the effect of these enterprises, on his mind and his habits.

The following pages tell of the Prince's unselfish efforts to perform his tasks in Britain, between these journeys abroad. He gave the fullest possible meaning to the motto beneath his three feathers—*Ich Dien*. But there is one aspect of the story over which I was suitably timid, when I wrote my book. King George V was recently dead, and Queen Mary was still alive, and it was not possible to write frankly of the relationship between the Prince and his father—a relationship that must be understood if we are to do justice to the ex-King.

To come to this understanding, let us make a quick flight through history. From ancient times—we find an instance in the story of Alexander the Great and his father—monarchs have found it impossible to be natural and human

in the relationship with their heirs. This hostility, between simple parental affection, and concern over the frightening responsibility of training a child to rule, reveals one of the saddest themes in the history of monarchy. We find it in all countries, in all ages. The seemingly unnatural antagonism ruined the relationship between Frederick the Great and his father, and between Maria Theresa and her son. We find the same antagonism, increased to passion and hatred, in the history of Indian rulers; and I saw it at work, in our own time, between King Abdullah of Jordan and his heir, Prince Talal—two men otherwise gentle, charming and kind.

The same conflict runs through English history, from the time of Henry II, who "caused to be painted" on a wall in Windsor Castle "an olde eagle with its body and eyes being scratched out by four younger birds." "The birds"—moaned the old King—were his "four sons," who ceased not to "pursue" his death. This horrible picture survived on the wall for many centuries, but the succeeding kings did not heed its lesson. The unhappy antagonism was modified as men became less brutish, but it was slow to pass. We read of George II describing his son as "the greatest ass, and the greatest liar and the greatest *canaille* and the greatest beast in the whole world." From this violent inheritance, we come to the polite humanities of Victorian times: we see the growth of Queen Victoria's family life. "Be as happy as we are; more I cannot wish you," wrote Prince Albert to his brother. Nevertheless, Queen Victoria made the surprising statement, in 1856, "I see the children much less . . . I find no especial pleasure or compensation in the company of the elder children . . . only very exceptionally do I find the rather intimate intercourse with them either agreeable or easy." This extraordinary state of mind, in a woman who was appalled by cruelty, reached its unhappy climax with her heir. Lady Clarendon wrote in her diary, of the "unconquerable aversion" which Queen Victoria felt for her eldest son. I believe this to be an extravagant phrase, but it was true that "the poor boy" knew of his mother's "dislike of him." All this was subdued in later years,

but only when mellowness came to them both; when their own private hearts became stronger than the horrible ancestral voice that had menaced their relationship when the Prince was young.

King George V, for all his deep religious sense, and his warm humanity, was unable to conquer this ancestral voice, in his relationship with his sons. In his book, *King George V, His Life and Reign*, Sir Harold Nicolson remarks on this "unwillingness or inability" in the King to "appreciate the changing habits of the younger generation." He asks the question, "How came it that a man, who was by temperament so intensely domestic, who was so considerate to his dependents and the members of his household, who was so unalarming to small children and humble people, should have inspired his sons with feelings of awe, amounting at times to nervous trepidation?" Sir Harold Nicolson adds, "He may even have regarded his immediate family as a ship's company of whom he was the master and the martinet, and have adopted towards them a boisterous manner which, however suited to the quarter-deck, appeared intimidating when resounding amid the chandeliers and tapestries of palatial saloons. Although sensitive, he did not always exercise imaginative insight into the sensibility of others. In seeking to instil into his children his own ideals of duty and obedience, he was frequently pragmatic and sometimes harsh."

In his own reminiscences, the Duke of Windsor has recalled, "In my father's rigorous schedule we children occupied small, fixed niches... he and my mother always popped into the nursery to say good-night while on their way to dinner. My father, never demonstrative, would peer down at us gravely, in the dim light, perhaps touch the covers gently, and then slip quietly out of the room. I have often thought that my father liked children only in the abstract."

King George V even made the error of criticising one son to the other. Sir Harold Nicolson quotes a letter, dated April 26, 1923, to the Duke of York. The King wrote, "You have always been so sensible & easy to work with, & you have

always been ready to listen to any advice & to agree with my opinions about people & things that I feel we have always got on very well together. Very different to dear David."

This lack of sympathy, which sometimes deteriorated into antagonism, is one more factor that must always be considered when we think of the way in which the Prince of Wales isolated himself from his family. The fault was not all his: he was the victim of a clash of temperaments; a clash which was made all the more terrible because of the history behind it.

Although King Edward VIII said, in his farewell broadcast, that he "quit altogether public affairs," he assumed one more public duty, when he was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bahama Islands. From 1940-1945, he guided and influenced the life of this West Indies colony, with the lively interest and sympathy he had once given to all his father's realm. But, since then, he has not taken up his "burden" again, entirely by his own choice. Americans, to whom the Abdication was more romantic than real, sometimes accuse the monarchy, and the British Government, of deliberately banishing the Duke of Windsor from England, and of preventing him from living a useful life in the service of the country he once ruled. This accusation is unfair, to the royal family, to the British Government—and to the Duke. His decision to live abroad is his own: he has freely chosen his way of life, and there is not a just and kind man in Britain who does not watch the events of that life, with sad affection, and wish the Duke all happiness along the way he has chosen.

CHAPTER ONE

THE CLOSE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN, BIRTH AND BOYHOOD OF KING EDWARD VIII

In the summer of 1897 the Duke and Duchess of York went to stay with Queen Victoria. She was delighted by their visit, and she wrote in her *Journal*, "Every time I see them I love them more and respect them greatly. Thank God! Georgie has got such an excellent, useful and good wife." There was much for them to talk about; plans for a visit to Ireland, and the problems of a growing family, the eldest of whom, Prince David, was already three years old and playing about the garden at White Lodge, "lively as a rabbit".

The Queen had ruled the land for sixty years, and the century she knew was coming to its end. When she ascended the throne in 1837, England had been a fair agricultural country. Now it was devoted to industry: factory chimneys rose above the edges of the fields, and steamers moved down the once placid rivers, laden deep with manufactured goods. In the 'thirties the talk in the inns had been of crops and of beasts. Now, when the day's work was over and when Englishmen sat over their tankards of beer, they talked of inventions and of new machines. The smocks of the farm worker had given place to the overalls of the mechanic and the artisan.

The tranquil evenings with Prince Albert must have seemed remote to Queen Victoria as she dozed over her papers—the games of whist, and the sentimental ballads they sang together away back in the 'forties. There was so much to remember and marvel over in the long years of change and discovery. The gas-lamps at the gates of the Castle had been a novelty in the early days, when she used to drive down with Prince Albert from smoky London. Now there was a telephone in the Castle, and typewriters: very soon the rooms were to be wired for electric light. On October 3, 1896, at Balmoral, the

Queen had recorded another innovation, in her *Journal*:

"At twelve went down to below the terrace near the ball-room, and we were all photographed by Downey by the new cinematograph process, which makes moving pictures by winding off a roll of films. We were walking up and down and the children jumping about."

The time had almost come for her to leave the quickening world. She was very tired, and when the red despatch boxes arrived from Whitehall she had to fortify her sight with belladonna before she could read the documents from her Ministers. Her secretary used special broad nibs to write his reports for her, and the sheets of paper were dried in a little copper oven beside his table so that the ink should be thick and black, to save her eyes.

Her life was almost ended: but there were wonderful signs to comfort her as she was wheeled from room to room in her rolling chair. Three years before her Diamond Jubilee she had driven over to White Lodge to see her first English great-grandchild. "After tea," she wrote, when she returned to Windsor, "I went to see the baby, a fine, strong-looking child."

Prince "David" had been born on June 23, 1894, when the walls of White Lodge were hidden behind masses of magnolias. The house, set in Richmond Park, was not vast and grand: it had been built by George I as "a place of refreshment after the fatigues of the chase," and the elegant words might still have been used to describe its amenities in June of 1894.

Queen Victoria went to White Lodge again in July, when her great-grandson was christened. The carrying cloak which she gave him was made from her own wedding veil. "The dear fine baby," she wrote, "wearing the Honiton lace robe . . . was brought in . . . and handed to me. I then gave him to the Archbishop and received him back. . . The child was very good. There was an absence of all music, which I thought a pity. . . . Had tea with May, and afterwards we were photographed, I, holding the baby on my lap, Bertie and Georgie

standing behind me, thus making the four generations."

When Prince "David" was almost eighteen months old, his brother, Prince Albert,* was born at Sandringham, and eighteen months later, his only sister was born. White Lodge was now too small to hold the growing family, and the Duke and Duchess of York divided their year between Sandringham and London.

Of the many stories told of Prince "David" as a little boy, there are two that reveal the lines along which his character was to grow. One afternoon the two princes had to listen to a long story, told by an old man. When Prince Albert yawned, without shame, his older brother nudged him and whispered "Smile." The other story shows the first young sign of the compassion which became one of the guiding forces of his life. One day when he was talking to Lord Roberts of the time when he would be King, he said that he would "pass a law against cutting puppy dog's tails" and prevent "them" from using bearing reins on horses. "These are very cruel," he said.

Queen Victoria died in January, 1901, when the Prince was almost seven years old. He went down to Windsor, in his sailor suit, and he stood above the tomb of Charles I, in St. George's Chapel, whilst his great-grandmother's coffin was lowered into the vault.

Queen Victoria had not wished to be buried with her wicked Hanoverian uncles, and next day her descendants followed her coffin on its last journey to the mausoleum in the Park. Light snow fell as they walked down the slope "as it had fallen two hundred and fifty years before, when the Cavaliers carried the coffin of Charles I into the dark, silent chapel at Windsor."

A new age began and a new monarch ruled from the Castle, which Samuel Pepys had described as the "most romantique" that "is in all the world." When King Edward VII introduced his more lively Court into the Victorian shadows of the Castle, his son and heir—now Prince of Wales—moved with his

* Afterwards King George VI.

family into Frogmore, a quiet, unassuming house in the Park, set in an English water-colour scene of ponds and lawns, daffodils and singing birds.

English boys of twelve years are not very different in their aims and dreams. At the age when the warpath of the Red Indians and the hazards of capture by cannibals fire the average imagination, most boys are happily free from introspection and they have a good appetite for mischief. Prince Albert was more prone to adventure and pranks than his elder brother. Prince "David" was shy, and this shyness stayed with him until the 1914-1918 war came, to wear it away. His life was simple and his education was hard. His father was heir to the Prince Consort's stern sense of duty, and he believed in the thoroughness of tutors and the cautionary air of the schoolroom.

Prince "David" had a friend and champion in the new King. When he was very young he had been taken in great awe to see his great-grandmother at Windsor. Queen Victoria had been a matriarch in whose presence children spoke in whispers and walked on their toes. Now that King Edward ruled in the Castle, everything was different. His mother's apathetic afternoon teas gave place to gay evening parties. Sir Sidney Lee tells us that "the best and most interesting personalities in the country were to be found at the Court of King Edward VII, whatever their birth and upbringing." The King had not lost his love of pleasure in gaining his crown; and Prince "David," as he grew older, turned to his grandfather with the strange and secure confidence which so often exists between children and their grandparents. King Edward had also been the object of a rigorous educational scheme and he knew all the perils of authority and the pain of censorship. One day, at Sandringham, when King Edward arrived, his grandson rushed out, past his parents and the servants. He kissed his grandfather's hand and then kissed him again and again on the cheek. The King was his escape from the discipline which was maintained at home.

When Prince "David" was ten years old his grandfather gave a party for him at Buckingham Palace. The Prince received

his guests so solemnly that King Edward described it all as "infernally bumptious." It seemed for a moment that the dignity of princes was appearing too early in the boy, especially when at another children's party he made a short and grand speech. He had been given a sword, and somebody advised him in a whisper to say "Thank you." He climbed on to a chair and said: "Thank you for giving me such a beautiful sword. I shall always keep it and remember this night."

The Prince began his London life in York House in St. James's Palace. Few of the street scenes of London are more enchanting than the view of the gates and the turrets of the palace when seen from the descending slope that leads from Piccadilly. The façade of St. James's is a sixteenth-century dream, surviving in busy twentieth-century London. Within the old walls, earnest secretaries and quick-footed messengers were hurrying about their business. White Lodge, Sandringham and Frogmore had given the Prince a dream or two, but York House brought him realities. From his bedroom window he could hear the whir of traffic, and he could see the chimneys of Westminster, with their moving flags of smoke. He could hear the click of soldiers' heels in the courtyard and the metallic thud of rifle-butts upon the flagstones. He learned to play with his first sword; he drilled his brothers and he enrolled even his sister into his games of war. The soldiers who guarded his father's palace were as magnificent to him as they were to the grubbiest Cockney boy, meandering past with his thumb in his mouth.

When he was thirteen, Prince "David" went to Osborne as a naval cadet. He left his family name—David—behind him, and was known as Prince Edward of Wales. Any other boy might have felt that he was embarking upon an adventure as he steamed over Southampton Water, among the ships that came with their cargoes from Colombo, Hong-Kong and the Indies. But there was a tutor at the Prince's elbow to remind him of his serious purpose.

Fifty years before, Queen Victoria's "marine villa" had been the pride of the Isle of Wight. The Italian front of Osborne

had looked out upon a garden inhabited by marble Dianas and bronze sea monsters, with cupids riding upon their backs. Bay-trees had formed a guard of honour down the path which led to the sea, and near by had been the gigantic cedar under which Queen Victoria used to take tea with her ladies, or talk with her ministers over the troubles of the world. Wych elms and pines grew between the house and the sea, and a clock in the tower told the time to the four corners of the park, marking the hours with a lazy, melodious bell. Life at Osborne had been elegant and safe in the 'fifties, but the Victorian picture was torn from its frame when Prince Edward went there as a cadet in 1907. The shawls and teacups of his grandmother's day had been packed away and the cedar was lonely on the lawn. Long, dull buildings marred the grace of the old gardens, for King Edward VII had given his mother's house to the nation, and the noise and bustle of a naval college had chased the Victorian ghosts away.

When the Prince had been at Osborne a week or so a young cadet asked him: "What is your name?"

"Edward," answered the Prince.

"Edward what?" he was asked.

"Just Edward, that is all," he said.

His princely responsibilities meant little or nothing to the other cadets, and he was soon drawn into the normal life of Osborne. He was given the nickname of *Sardine*, and his slightest offence against the ethics of his contemporaries was punished by guillotining him in the dormitory window, as a cruel reminder of what had happened to King Charles I, who had been imprisoned nearby. When senior cadets entered a room it was usual for the despised juniors to retire and leave them in possession. The Prince obeyed the law at first: he stepped into the gutter when his "betters" passed him in the street, and he ran out of common rooms when they appeared at the door. There came a time for faint protest. One day, instead of hurrying out of the presence of the seniors when they appeared, he sauntered slowly away. One of them grabbed him and said: "You are the Prince, are you? Well, learn to respect

your seniors." A bottle of red ink was poured down his neck and he left the room.

The historical lessons of the Isle of Wight could not have been encouraging for the Prince. At every point he was reminded of his inheritance. If he went to Osborne House he could see the white marble busts of his ancestors, arranged in niches along the corridors; in the neglected gardens he could see the miniature fortifications among which the Prince Consort had taught his sons to be soldiers. Everywhere were signs of discipline. The incessant voice which whispered in his ear was of duty. The word enveloped him and there was no escape.

Although Prince Edward's training was the same as that of the other cadets, he sometimes stepped out of the mundane picture. One day, twenty-four battleships, sixteen armoured cruisers, forty-eight destroyers and more than fifty other vessels moved across the Solent in celebration of the visit of the Tsar of Russia. Three days afterwards the Prince was allowed to show his illustrious cousins over the naval college, and the rooms of Osborne House were opened for them in the afternoon.

As the Prince learned more of the life of the sailor he came to a new sphere of understanding with his father. Prince George, who once said, "In the Navy we have a motto, 'Keep your hair on'," had not outgrown the bluff heartiness of the wardroom. Even when he became King, one of his chief delights was to talk with the friends of his seafaring days. He watched his son with daily concern: there were letters from York House almost every morning, and during the Prince's weeks of leave, father and son found much to talk about. Thirty years before, King George had been the youngest cadet in the *Britannia*. The fierce light of inheritance had not beaten upon him then, for his elder brother was still alive. He had been a boisterous cadet, not above putting marline spikes in the bed of an officer. Prince Edward's life at Osborne was not equally hilarious. He was more prone to self-analysis than his father had been, and he bore his responsibilities seriously. Once, when the college produced *H.M.S. Pinafore*, he took his

place in the chorus, wearing a wig and dress, but somebody who saw him as "a sister, a cousin or an aunt" said that he wore a wistful and unhappy expression. Even in the gay atmosphere of amateur theatricals he was not able to free himself of his shyness.

Osborne contributed to the Prince's knowledge and no doubt made him more aware of the intricacies of human nature. But the system of the naval college did not change the main lines of his character. That the Prince learned something while he was a naval cadet, and that he remembered what he had learned, was revealed some years afterwards when he was in America. He visited the Ford motor works, and the proprietor was "surprised" because his "royal guest had such an intimate knowledge of engineering." Major Verney, who recalled the incident, said that the Prince had not forgotten the "grease on his face" and the "steel filings in his hair" when he was a naval cadet.

From Osborne the Prince went to Dartmouth. He worked hard, completing his five years of training and passing his examinations, without favour. Whenever he went to London people who saw him said that he was growing "to be just like his grandfather." The friendship between the King and his grandson had grown with years, and the guileless stories of childhood gave place to serious talks as they walked together at Balmoral. In Scotland, Prince Edward was able to shoot with his grandfather and to talk with him more peaceably than in London. It was during one of these summer holidays beside the Dee that the Prince met the German Emperor and the Empress. It has been said that one day, when Prince Edward was walking away, King Edward turned to the Emperor and said: "There is the last King of England."

On May 6, 1910, King Edward died at Buckingham Palace. Again the rulers and princes of Europe came to England, and walked in the funeral procession to St. George's, where King Edward and Queen Alexandra had been married forty-seven years before. The splendid and prosperous Edwardian years ended. The King had ruled the land in a time of

richness, self-indulgence and social upheaval, and he handed a changed kingdom on to his son. The new King had a different and more terrible part to play, and it was well that he inherited his grandfather's sober character and moral courage, to sustain him in the years that lay before him.

Prince Edward, just sixteen years old, was heir to the throne. On June 24th he was confirmed in the small private chapel at Windsor. His father and mother, Queen Alexandra, the Empress of Russia, his aunts, his uncles, and the Prime Minister, celebrated his admission to the Sacrament by singing "Fight the good fight." It was a challenging sign that his boyhood had ended.

In August 1910, three months after his grandfather's death, the Prince sailed away in the *Hindustan* as a midshipman. All the old authorities in his life were left behind. He enjoyed this first holiday away from England, although a new governor was sent with him to implement the ordinary discipline of the ship. The Prince was supremely happy during the tour, which lasted two months, and he left the *Hindustan* with a stab of regret. "Not the smallest exception or discrimination has been made in his favour," wrote one of the officers, when the cruise was over. "The Prince of Wales has taken part in every duty that appertains to the working of a great battleship, and has cheerfully and efficiently discharged the less agreeable as well as the most agreeable of his tasks. The day before yesterday, for example, he was bearing his share in 'coaling ship,' and you know what that means. He has worked hard in the gunroom and at drill, and has, among other things, been associated with the landing of small armed parties. Throughout the whole period of his training on board he has been an extremely hard worker, and has struck all those about him, high and low, as what we call 'a live thing.'

"It was obvious that the Prince liked the life, and earnestly endeavoured to do credit to himself and to those entrusted with his tuition in various departments. Everybody in the *Hindustan* will be sorry to lose so good a comrade and so intelligent a 'man.' I say 'man' advisedly, because he has shown

application and aptitude beyond that which might have been reasonably expected. He was a thoroughly hard worker, and is in many respects ahead of his years."

But the Prince's duties had to be directed to a broader field: when the *Hindustan* returned to England, he said 'goodbye' to the navy, forever. The companions and the circumstances of his life changed once more. Osborne and Dartmouth faded into history, with the friends he had already gathered about him. Oxford was before him, and he had to adjust his life and change his companions accordingly. It was the inevitable fault of his training that his background was for ever being disturbed: people crowded in on him, and then departed, making him feel that life was a whirl in which no person and no scene was stable. This handicap must always be remembered in the Prince's favour by those steady and docile people who live upon rocks of certainty. Most people have the opportunity of living in a chosen community, and those who join the Services or who go to universities carry some of their friends with them from one sphere to the next. The Prince never enjoyed this privilege. Nothing seemed permanent to him except the responsibilities of his inheritance. He made his friends at Osborne, but when they went to sea, he stayed ashore. He sailed in the *Hindustan*, but he left the ship's company to go to Oxford. He was unable to enjoy the influence which growing friendships would have been for him. The lessons in personal loyalty which he would thus have learned seemed to pass him by. In considering the years of his education it is important to remember the many changes of which he was the victim, and to understand why it was not easy for him to remain loyal to any central purpose in the development of his mind and character.

CHAPTER TWO

CORONATION OF KING GEORGE V. HIS CHARACTER. PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES. THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL

King George V was crowned on June 22, 1911. The young Prince of Wales knelt before his father, took off his coronet and said: "I . . . do become your liege man of life and limb and of earthly worship: and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks." When the Prince had kissed his father's cheek, the King leaned forward, drew the Prince nearer and kissed him in return.

Prince Edward was seriously conscious of the importance of the Coronation, and there is a story that when one of his younger brothers became mischievous in the carriage on the way to the Abbey, the Prince disposed of him beneath the seat until he promised to behave.

King George's character and interests were to bring many changes into the thought and policy of his country. He was to become the greatest of the essentially *English* sovereigns, combining some of the qualities of Alfred the Great with the domestic virtues of George III, who was also "pure in life, honest in intent," and for whom the heart of Britain beat kindly "because according to his lights he worshipped Heaven."

The changes that came with King George on the throne must be considered, for they were an important influence upon his son's character. The King's opinions, his prejudices and his habits were those of an English squire. He hated wearing the robes of great occasions and liked best to tramp over the moors about Sandringham in tweeds. He had been bred in Norfolk and the great Lord Leicester himself had not loved its earth more than the new monarch. King George declared his own insular loyalty when he said that he regretted the time he had spent in Heidelberg "learning their beastly language." This Englishness was his own creation. Queen Victoria began her

reign with natural love for Germany, which was fostered by her family ties and her love for her husband. In the closing years of her life this devotion to the Germans soured: she came to dislike the aims of Bismarck and then of her strident grandson. One of her ladies wrote of a day when she "pitched into" her daughter, the Empress Frederick, for being too Prussian in her notions. But Queen Victoria enjoyed her experiments in foreign diplomacy, and she liked her prestige as matriarch of all the Courts of Europe. King Edward VII had brought a change into European friendships. He closed his heart against Germany from the time of the Schleswig-Holstein invasion, when his wife's homeland was menaced by Prussia.

Some years later, when the Emperor William II left Sandringham after a visit, King Edward turned to his guests upon the doorstep and said: "Thank God he has gone." He disliked his nephew and the Prussian spirit which he exalted. His gay nature as well as his prejudices caused King Edward to give his heart to the French, as opposed to the *ernstes Deutsches Gefühl* of his father.

None of these European affections disturbed King George and he came to the throne with no compelling interests beyond those of Britain and the Empire. He was ill at ease with the "foreign" outlook, and this limitation became his strength. He lived and thought within his kingdom, and he was not harassed by ambitions among other nations. He set a new standard of behaviour for himself and his people and he pursued it, with his grandfather's single-minded determination, from the beginning to the end. The King favoured respectability and he was embarrassed by the rich indulgence of Edwardian society. He was intolerant of mischievous gossip, which had been the delight of social life in the twenty years preceding his reign. He kept early hours and he was abstemious. King George was a good man, and his religion lay in his conscience. Glimpses at this inner power which guided him were rare, but he once revealed his simplicity of faith when he said to one of his cousins: "I become very unhappy about the young people in the country. I feel that they do not say their prayers." Such

were the motives which guided him, as a sovereign, and a father.

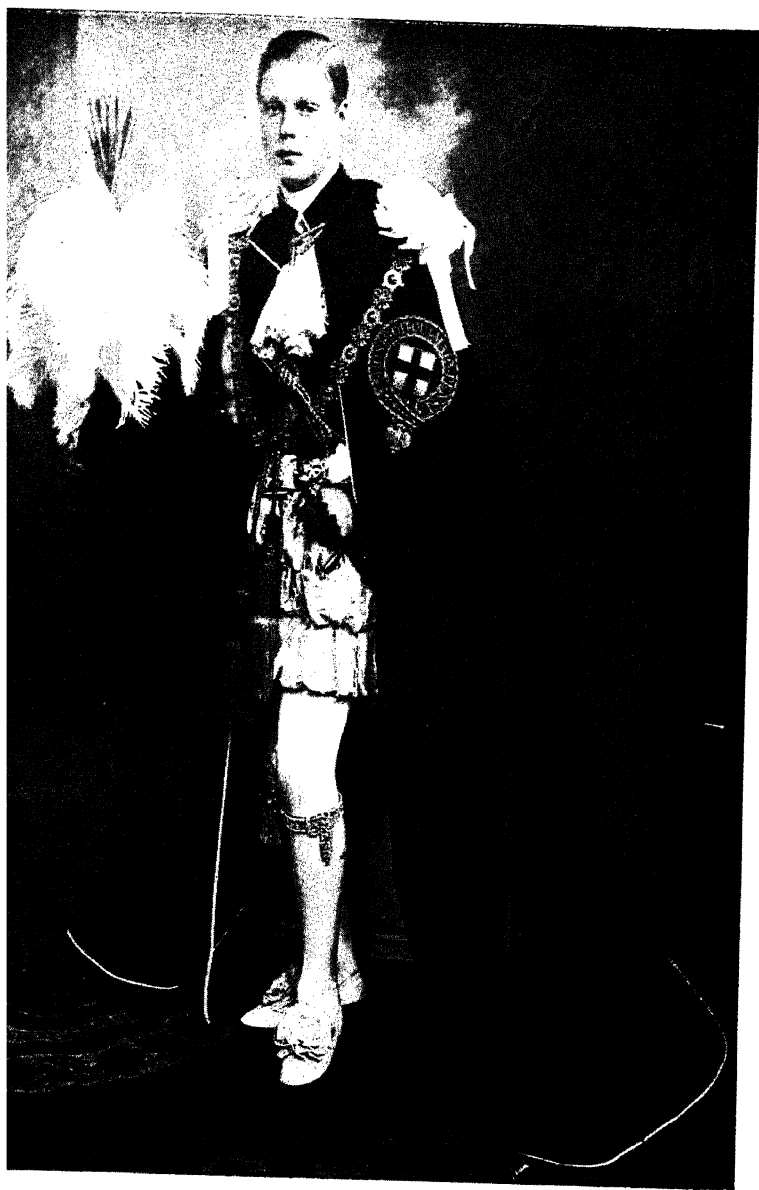
There were inevitable occasions during his life when King George allowed himself to be lured into pageantry, much against his will. He did not mind the long, monotonous hours of labour over his desk, but he shunned ceremonies and disliked the panoply of kingship. When the glory of the Coronation had passed he divested himself of his grand robes and returned to the sober clothes which suited his character. Now it was Prince Edward who took on the old glamour of princes. When he walked across the greensward of Carnarvon Castle, to be invested as Prince of Wales, he might have been a legendary figure straying through the scenes of one of Scott's novels. Carnarvon is not as old as Windsor, but its roofs have tumbled in and its towers yawn open to the sky. There is no life about these old walls, within which Edward the First offered his son to the Welshmen to appease their discontent. Carnarvon is a ruin now, with one great wall facing the sea and another casting shadows over the inland stretches where the Romans made the camp of Segontium a thousand years ago.

The Prince of Wales of the twentieth century walked here: dressed in his velvet surcoat and white breeches, he seemed to be a messenger from the dark centuries, bringing his Herald and Arch-Druids and Druids at his heels. He was the nineteenth Prince of Wales, but he was the first to speak to the Welsh people in their own tongue, described by themselves as "the language spoken in Heaven." It was a sign of the conscientiousness that was to mark so many of his actions in later life, that he learned a few phrases of Welsh so that he could say to them: "Mor o gan yw Cymru i gyd" ("All Wales is a sea of song"). His young, fresh voice gathered strength as he conquered his shyness. "The great title that I bear," he said, "as well as my name David, all bind me to Wales." In the language of the records, he was "presented before the King in his surcoat, cloak and mantle of crimson velvet, and girt with a belt of the same; when the King putteth a cap of crimson velvet, indented

and turned up with ermine, on his head, as a token of Principality, and the King also putteth into his hand a verge of gold, the emblem of government, and a ring of gold on his middle finger, to intimate that he must be a husband to his country and a father to his children."

The King's eldest son bears many titles and honours, and of these, two are of importance to him as heir to the throne. He is Duke of Cornwall the moment he is born: the title is his by virtue of his position as heir. He also receives the badge of three feathers, wrongly called the Prince of Wales's feathers, as a sign that he is the Sovereign's eldest son. The King is not *obliged* to make his heir Prince of Wales, although this has always been the custom. The title Prince of Wales is not hereditary, but is the subject of a new grant under each new King and is conferred at the will and discretion of the Sovereign. The illusion about the badge of three feathers belonging to the Prince of Wales has continued for many centuries. It is a legend which surprises all the more because the first prince who ever used them in their present form, Edward VI, was never even created Prince of Wales. King George was at liberty to make any of his sons Prince of Wales, had he wished to ignore tradition, but he could not have taken the badge of three feathers from his heir.

Although the Duchy of Cornwall was designed to support the eldest sons of kings, for almost half the time since its creation by Edward III, the lands have been in the possession of the Crown—when there have been no princes to enjoy them. The two most exciting chapters in the Duchy history were provided by Cromwell and King George IV. "His cursed Highness" sold the Duchy lands to private individuals, but they were easily bought back again during the Restoration. George IV signed a bond which gave Coutts's Bank the right to the Duchy revenue during his lifetime. Thus a banker became Duke of Cornwall in all but name. It must be added, in the King's favour, that much of the money was spent on building and on works of art and gold plate which now adorn Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle.



(Picture Post Library)

The Prince of Wales in Garter Robes. (1911)

While his eldest son was a minor, the Prince Consort governed the affairs of the Duchy, and, with his usual care, he lifted the shaky estates into safety. When his son was old enough to use the riches of the Duchy as his income, a fortune had been saved for him: the Prince Consort had nursed the finances so cleverly that they produced an income of about £70,000 a year.

When Prince Edward of Wales came into his inheritance, he directed the Duchy estates with imagination and unselfishness. He used big sums of money for rebuilding schemes, at a time when his income was about half what had been paid to King Edward VII. and to King George V, when they were Princes of Wales. The Prince developed building improvements that had been introduced by his father: during five years of his stewardship, the sum of £300,000 was poured back into the estates. In later years, the Labour Council of Kensington (in South London—where the Duchy had owned estates since the time of the Black Prince), described him as one of the best landlords in the Kingdom."

CHAPTER THREE

A STUDENT IN FRANCE

The Prince of Wales inherited the exceptional stamina of his family. He performed his early tasks with eagerness that exhausted the officials appointed to accompany him, on visits and inspections. Looking back over the record of endurance in his immediate ancestors, it might seem that princes receive special gifts of physical strength and courage, to help them through their life of insistent duty.

The Prince's mother, Queen Mary, approached all her duties with similar courage. She was never "cold" or "tired," and her ladies recalled her hours of apple-picking at Windsor, during the war, when she continued, strong and unruffled, long after they were exhausted and in need of their tea. This example was always at hand, for the Prince's edification.

One afternoon, in London, Queen Mary was driving back to Buckingham Palace after opening a new building somewhere in Campden Hill. There had been many engagements in the morning, and a long journey the day before, and her lady-in-waiting might have been forgiven if she thought, on the way back to Buckingham Palace, of her sitting-room and rest.

Queen Mary was a devoted Londoner and she knew most of the streets, but, on the way from Campden Hill, she saw a new area that was strange to her. She ordered the chauffeur to drive up and down the streets, and in one of them she saw a number of shabby men sitting on a staircase outside a house. She asked what the men were doing, but no one could tell her. She never passed a question unanswered, so her equerry was obliged to enquire. The answer was depressing: the men were waiting, in turn, to occupy beds in a dilapidated house at one penny an hour.

Queen Mary drove back to Buckingham Palace, and the duties of officialdom, and charity, were busy before she retired

to her sitting-room. Enquiries were made, and, within a few days, this unhappy horror of the slums was removed and the lonely men were cared for elsewhere. The episode was typical of the unsentimental, practical kindness that was the law of Queen Mary's life.

For a few months after he left Dartmouth, the Prince of Wales worked among social institutions, under the guidance of his mother's example. He showed himself worthy of the example, in every task that came to his hand.

Then his education was resumed: he went to France, to learn the language, and a little more of the world. From the moment that the Prince arrived in Paris, the French accepted him and acknowledged his charm. He was among "foreigners" for the first time, and with them, as with his own people in England, he showed an eager interest in everything he saw. He was never bored and never half-hearted: he seemed to thrive on questions and facts, and his eagerness unlocked all doors.

Older people might have recalled another royal visit, in 1903, when the Prince's grandfather arrived there, at a less happy time in the relationship between Britain and France. The war in South Africa had put a harsh strain on friendship with the French, and when the King arrived in Paris, in the morning, he had found the crowd "sullenly resentful." Somebody had shouted, "Vivent les Boers!" at him as his carriage drove by. An equerry sitting beside him had murmured, "The French don't like us," and the King had answered, "Why should they?"

Then had followed the famous episode that revealed the King's talent for gallantry, at the right moment. In the evening, when he went to a theatre, he was greeted coldly. Sir Sidney Lee tells us, in his biography of King Edward VII, that while the King was standing in the lobby of the theatre he "espied a great and charming artiste whom he had seen act in England. Holding out his hand, he said: 'Oh, mademoiselle, I remember how I applauded you in London. You personified there all the grace, all the *esprit* of France.'" The words were loud enough

to be overheard, and the pretty compliment of the evening became the breakfast-table gossip of Paris next morning. The French discovered "that the King of England was determined to be the friend of France."

Prince Edward of Wales went to France at a less troubled time. He was dynamic and charming, although he was still very shy. The many Parisiennes who gathered at the station to see him asked no more than this: his frank smile won their immediate applause. Some weeks during this first visit to France were spent at the château of the Marquis de Breteuil—beautiful house which looks out over a well-bred garden with valeted shrubs and stone vases. In a book of snapshots taken at the time of the Prince's visit, one catches occasional glimpses of the Marquis himself, a straw hat on the back of his head, sitting on the edge of a table; another of the Prince, looking very English, with his hat worn at a respectable angle and a carnation in his buttonhole. If photographs are to be believed, the discipline was not too heavy at Breteuil, for when the Prince's English tutor unbent and was "snapped" looking gay and human, in a little boat. There are photographs of the Prince at Maintenon: a slim boy with his hands raised in the air, preparing to dive into the water. And then, triumphantly, the Prince on the terrace, with the fourth roe-eel which he had shot while in France.

A French scholar had been called in to assist in the Prince's education and the choice of M. Maurice Escoffier was a stroke of good fortune. There is a charming snapshot of him, with a mustache, gallant beard and a hat worn at a rakish angle, to assure us that he did not make his example alarming. The Prince's energy was surprising, even to the busy French. There are further snapshots that show him enjoying himself at picnics in the hills or walking through the scenes of the country. From Breteuil he went south and spent a morning on board a French cruiser. He photographed the statue of King Edward III at Cannes, Marseilles from the hills, the door and the steps of the church at Arles and stretches of the Italian coast. He went far and he came home with a fresh store

of impressions and information. There was only one depressing note, from the public point of view. Before he left Paris he was painted by François Flameng. The portrait was reproduced in the English newspapers in celebration of the Prince's return. People were distressed to find him frowning, as if the weight of his young life was already too much for him. It seemed that he was taking his responsibilities almost too seriously and being deprived of the mischief and delights of being young. His face was melancholy in repose. England had no wish to exact such a debt from him before his time.

CHAPTER FOUR

OXFORD

The Prince of Wales tried to lose his frown when he went to Oxford. He was less manacled by rules than any other royal undergraduate before him. King Edward VII had matriculated as a nobleman and he had not been allowed to live in college. His parents had sent him up to Oxford with warnings and rules that might have been framed for a penitentiary. He was not allowed to wear anything "extravagant or slang," and he was ordered to avoid "foolish and worthless persons." He had been permitted to read a novel only "as an indulgence." He had to wear a special gown when he attended debates and everybody rose as he entered a lecture room. He ate all his meals with his staff, in his own house. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were haunted by the fear that their son might talk in the way of his Georgian great-uncles and this anxiety drove them to extremes of caution. The royal parents of the last three generations have often been criticised for the way in which they have trained their heirs, but it is not easy to realise or understand the unique problem of a monarch who is forced to equip his son to assume his crown. The responsibility is unnatural and tremendous and estrangement between parent and son seems to be inevitable. In 1901 a leader writer of *The Times* summed up the difficulties that harass the son of a king.

"There is no position in the world more difficult to fill than that of Heir-Apparent to the throne. It is beset by more than all the temptations of actual royalty, while the weight of counteracting responsibility is much less directly felt. It must be with a feeling of hopelessness that a man in that position offers up the familiar prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation.' Other men may avoid much temptation, but the heir to a throne is followed, dogged, and importuned by temptation in its most seductive forms."

Oxford had changed when the Prince of Wales went there as an undergraduate at the age of eighteen. Germans and Americans had brought a more cosmopolitan note into the life of the old University and the Rhodes Scholars who mingled with their English contemporaries talked of life in New Zealand and of sheep-farming in Australia. As the Warden of New College said, Oxford had become "part of the great world."

King George's discipline for his sons was always strict and his natural kindliness was confused by his sense of duty, but he did not repeat the mistakes of the Prince Consort when he sent his eldest son to Oxford. He allowed the Prince to live in college, as an ordinary undergraduate. If he had not already been enriched by experience at Osborne, service in the *Hindustan* and study in France, the sudden freedom might have unbalanced him, for he was still very young. He was the superior of his contemporaries in experience of life and of people. It is interesting, in tracing the story of his time at Oxford, to note the growth of the Prince's interests. He was fickle as a sportsman and he did not plod on with any one form of exercise. Hunting, shooting, tennis and golf, each held his devotion for a time, for he was inclined to experiment with new diversions. He had not liked riding when he was young, but, under the influence of Major Cadogan, he soon found pleasure in hunting.

The Prince began foxhunting with the South Oxfordshire Hounds in February 1914 and, as if conscious of the occasion, hounds killed five foxes on the first day. The Prince played Association football for the Magdalen second eleven and he beagled with the New College, Magdalen and Trinity pack. He shot a little, though not with his father's skill, and he began soldiering with the O.T.C. These energetic diversions kept him busy but not at the expense of his interests within the College. The unique character of social life at Magdalen must be realised if one is to appreciate the democratic influences that surrounded the Prince. Clubs and societies in other colleges were inclined to become cliques because no member

ould join them except by election. At Magdalen, undergraduates could join any society they wished, without election, and they therefore shared each other's interests more readily. A writer in the spring number of *Oxford*, 1936, recalled this aspect of the Prince's life in the University, and added: "It is well to have this picture in mind, otherwise to say that His Majesty took a full part in the general social life of the College would not mean as much as it actually did."

Oxford accepted the royal undergraduate without fuss and surprise, but tourists gaped at him and guides showed them the windows of his rooms in the cloisters. The "frozen music" of Magdalen's lovely tower became a secondary attraction when Americans were able to look across the cool green lawn towards the old wall behind which the heir to the throne was studying, or practising his banjo. When the guide was able to lure them away to the quiet of Addison's Walk and to the rails of the deer park, he completed their delight by telling them that the park had been fenced off and stocked so that the Prince could enjoy a little stalking before breakfast. One of the Prince's contemporaries at Oxford wrote in *The Times*:

"We found that he was in no way different from any other undergraduate, except that he looked rather more youthful than most. . . . Oxford took, perhaps, a fortnight before it settled down entirely and got over the novelty of having a Prince of Wales going in and coming out daily. There were tiresome photographers and reporters, and a tendency for crowds to collect at likely places for him to pass. But his fellow-undergraduates did not take long to learn the necessary lesson. Members of Balliol signified their opinion of an inquisitive crowd by pouring water from the upper windows on their heads.

"Everything was made easy for him to take an immediate place in college life and interests. And he plunged at once into an almost bewildering catholicity of interests and amusements. He was entertained and gave entertain-

ments in return, and those present found that, though he was at first rather shy, he was a delightful addition to a dinner-party, most attractive in the quiet and humble part he took in the conversation, but full of humour and with opinions at once decided and sane. His laugh and smile are perhaps particularly attractive."

When winter came the tourists had departed, and the Prince was no longer a curiosity to the people of the town. He walked among the silver-brown walls of the colleges and he rode out in the morning—an eager, restless figure, moving against the winter trees and liquid blue sky, just as any other undergraduate who enjoyed the privileges of Oxford.

As his shyness passed, the Prince took the initiative in making friendships and the adventures which fell to him increased his knowledge of human nature. One evening he picked up his banjo and wandered through the cloisters of Magdalen to call on a friend. Major Verney has described the company that the Prince found in his friend's room: they included a "rampant, tearing Socialist from the Midlands who had commenced life in a nail factory at the age of eight, educated himself—and arrived at Oxford at the age of thirty-three, with a red tie." A test had come for the Prince's charm. "He picked up a glass of beer from the table and said, 'Here's luck, everybody,' and then played a tune on the banjo." When the Prince had returned to his rooms the nail-maker rose to his feet and said to those who remained: "'I'll give you a toast.' He raised his glass and said: 'The Prince of Wales, God bless him!'"

The Prince's banjo was the first of a number of musical instruments to which he was devoted. He was a fickle musician, because he gave his heart to the banjo, the ukelele and even the bagpipes. Many people suffered during these experiments, and his diligent practice upon the banjo, at all hours of the day and night, was such a pain to his neighbours in Magdalen that they organised a protest beneath his window. He won the day, for he produced his bagpipes and drove them away, with their fingers in their ears. Some years afterwards he diverted his

talents to the ukelele, and he confessed in a public speech that if he had taken "a single day longer to learn *Clementine*" he believed that he would have "been murdered" by his staff.

The Prince was not over-sentimental as a youth, and he never allowed his kindness to lead him into false feeling. When he was still young he was able to guard himself against mere flatterers. He was stubborn when necessary and when his time at Oxford came to an end he had enough will-power to cope with the thick-skinned and the pompous. Servants and little people were safe with him, but humbugs were likely to suffer at his hands.

In the less exciting fields of scholarship the Prince was not brilliant. The dons sometimes grumbled with disappointment because their royal pupil did not eat up the intellectual meal they had prepared for him. He seemed to be devoted to the present and the future and to be lacking in veneration for the past. He did not sit back in a deep chair to listen to the story of his inheritance. He usually sat on the edge of the chair, anxious to escape into experience and to make his own history. He was not unlike his grandfather in this impatience with the past. When King Edward VII was faced with the antiquities of Egypt, he "treated the pillars and sculptures with well-bred courtesy," and Dean Stanley, who was with him, was so depressed over his failure as a tutor that he wrote, "I cannot bring myself to pour out words into unwilling or indifferent ears." Gladstone also complained that King Edward VII knew "everything except what is written in books." The President of Magdalen made a similar comment on Prince Edward when his time at Oxford was ended. "Bookish he will never be," wrote the President. The Prince was not to learn through lectures or the printed word. He belonged to the generation which was destined to bear the burden of the Great War. It was well, no doubt, that he turned to human nature and contacts with his neighbours rather than to books for his lessons. He did not accept the example and views of his elders with blind obedience, nor did he willingly inherit their prejudices. He began to frame his own philosophy, through life.

The President of Magdalen admitted that the Prince would never be a "British Solomon," but he wisely added that this was "not to be desired." "The Prince of Wales will not want for power of ready and forcible presentation," he said. "All the time he was learning more and more every day of men, gauging character, watching its play, getting to know what Englishmen are like, both individually and still more in the mass."

Thus armed, the Prince of Wales came down from Oxford and prepared to face the world.

CHAPTER FIVE

GERMANY

In the spring of 1913, the Prince of Wales went to Germany. The links between the two countries were already strained. There had been feverish talk of war for many years, but the generation that prospered in England in 1913 was slack and confident. When the Emperor spoke of his "shining armour," and boasted of the second navy of the world, Britons warmed themselves at the fire of their smugness and accepted the reassurances of the pacifist press. King Edward VII had never been deceived over the ambitions of the Prussians, nor had he been gentle in telling the Kaiser what he thought of his boasting. When King George was about to visit Berlin as a young man, King Edward had written to the Kaiser: "In sending my son to Berlin . . . I intended it as a personal mark of my affection and friendship towards you, but after reading the violent accusations which have been made in the Reichstag against England I think it might be better for him not to go where he is liable to be insulted."

A lull came to the anger and suspicions between the two countries in the spring of 1913, and the journey made by the Prince of Wales could not have been more friendly. The choice of his tutors was again fortunate. Major Cadogan, who went with him, was also more dependent upon experience than books for his learning and no better guide could have been chosen. Professor Fiedler, appointed German tutor to the Prince, was a scholar who had not grown less human in the process of learning. The Prince once described him as "a jolly old chap," but he was more than this. He soon became so fond of his pupil that he bothered to show him the more gracious and cultivated side of German life, without the fierce glare of Prussian parades. More and more, as these years of adolescence passed, the heir to the throne made one believe that unselfishness was to be an important trait in his character. The best

beds, the comfortable chairs and the less draughty corners were for his tutors, because they were older. This consideration for others was one of the Prince's chief characteristics, until the strange changes which came before his abdication, when he seemed to turn against his own kindly instincts.

The joy of this German holiday is best revealed in a book of snapshots which the Prince made while he was abroad. There are photographs of him on the edge of pine forests, on the terraces of grand German castles and standing on parade grounds. In one, he is seen, wearing a white-peaked cap and walking with Count Zeppelin at Friedrichshafen. This was a great year in the conquest of the air, Pegoud had "looped the loop," and Lord Fisher had appealed to Mr. Churchill: "For God's sake trample on and stamp out protected Cruisers and hurry up Aviation." The Prince was already excited by the prospect of flying, and he watched the experiments in Germany and talked to Count Zeppelin with delight. He went to Stuttgart and stayed with two of the most charming of his cousins in Germany, the King and Queen of Württemberg. They closed their eyes and their hearts to the plans of the Prussians and there was no hint of "shining armour" in their hospitality. But the peaceful scenes of their palace were no more than an interlude. The Prince saw also a river of helmets shining in the sun during a field day at Stuttgart; he saw infantry sweeping across the ground and a squadron of aircraft resting on the snow.

Perhaps the horrible portent of these scenes escaped him. When he went to Germany again in the summer he photographed old women dozing over their baskets in the market-place at Nüremberg, and laughing flower-girls beneath their umbrellas. His camera was always busy, catching his cousins at work and at play. Sometimes they stood in starched groups, conscious of their uniforms. But there were the older ones, who were not restless with ambition. There were "Aunt Augusta" in her bath chair, "Uncle Adolphous" at Neu-Strelitz, and "Auntie Elie" in a stiff silk dress of her time. He shot wild boar in the park and he drove one of his aunts in an automobile. The most picturesque part of his journey

was when he came to Thuringia, his great-grandfather's country. He went to the palace from which the old Duchess had waved her handkerchief to Prince Albert in the winter of 1839, crying, "Albert, Albert!" as he drove away to be married in England. Every acre of this lovely country was steeped in the history of the Prince's family. He flew into the silver air over Gotha, to look down upon the forests in which his great-grandfather had shot, and over the dusty Thuringian roads, with their borders of apple-trees. It was the old, cultivated life of Germany which embraced him during these visits to country places; the gentle life that was slowly withering away under the heat of Prussian pride.

Before he returned to England, the Prince dined in Berlin with the Emperor. His grandiose uncle was impressed. When the dinner was over, the Emperor said of his guest: "A most charming, unassuming young man such as one would expect from such a family—but a young eagle, likely to play a big part in European affairs because he is far from being a pacifist."

As he grew older the Prince's energy increased. In route marches with the O.T.C. he smiled when others were limp: at Oxford he ran to his lectures and in the ballroom he was usually the last dancer to leave the floor. During his visit to Germany in 1913 two officers had been delegated to guide him for part of his holiday. One day when they were motoring with him he became restless and asked the driver to stop the car. He felt stiff, he said, and he wished to return on foot. One of the German officers meekly explained that fifteen miles lay between them and "home."

"Never mind, I can manage that distance all right," he answered.

The officers had to follow, in the cause of good manners, but only one of them kept up with the Prince to the end.

Another, similar story of endurance has been told by Mr. David Williamson, of a holiday that the Prince spent in Norway. "His tirelessness in ski-ing was most noticeable. He went long expeditions at Fjnse day after day, and the distances he

covered were far greater than the average man cares to go. On one occasion two well-known army skiers went for a trip. About two hours after their departure the Prince followed, and met the officers returning. They lunched together on the contents of their haversacks, and then the return journey began. The Prince and his friends soon eclipsed the officers, skiing at great speed, and he had been busy answering letters for some time before the arrival of the other members of the party."

CHAPTER SIX

THE WAR

On a warm day in June, 1914, "a hot and dusty khaki-clad youth with the rank of lance-corporal," gripping his rifle, went up to a civilian who was standing on the All Arms Bridge which spans the Basingstoke Canal at North Camp. He frowned at the landscape before him. Then he smiled at the stranger and asked him which of the several spurs ahead was Furze Hill. A reporter from the *Daily Chronicle* was standing near by, and he wrote the story. The scene was Aldershot, and the O.T.C. were in training. A "battle" had been arranged between Cambridge and Oxford, and the Prince of Wales was in charge of the scouts of his corps. "The civilian unceremoniously gripped the youth by the sleeve of his jacket and swung him round to follow the direction of his outstretched finger. He was ignorant of the fact that he was holding the Prince of Wales. . .

"They were seeking to get into touch with a hostile force of the Cambridge University Corps on the Fox Hills. The Cambridge force had heard of the march of the Oxford men and had prepared a trap for them, the object being to 'annihilate' the Oxford men as soon as the decoys on Tunnel Hill had brought them into the trap. Thanks to the skill of their scouts, led by the Prince of Wales, the Oxford force were able to turn the tables on their opponents. At the foot of the Fox Hills the Oxford scouts got into touch with the Cambridge Cyclist Corps. . . . The information was promptly conveyed to Colonel Stenning, commanding the Oxford force, and he kept clear of the trap."

The Prince's first training as a soldier was as simple as his life as a young sailor had been. He did all the disagreeable duties as well as the pleasant ones. His sensibilities were not spared the experience of an issue tin wash-basin and a bell tent, which he shared with five other cadets. Nor was his

digestion spared the strain of army rations. In no sense was the Prince nursed through his training. He displayed his eagerness one day when he said to the musketry instructor, after being asked to name the parts of a rifle bolt: "I'm hanged if I remember, but I'll soon learn."

The problems of the Prince's education increased, for King George realised, perhaps too grimly, that the training of his heir was one of the most frightening of his responsibilities. As a father, King Edward VII had always insisted that there should be "no noise or fuss of directions" in training *his* sons. King George had more of the Prince Consort in him: his natural affections were overruled by the unbending code of duty which guided his own life.

The plans for the Prince's training were shattered in August 1914, when war was declared between England and Germany. The dreadful summer passed and when winter came London was used to the melancholy scenes of stretchers arriving at Victoria, of ambulances, of parks changed into training-grounds, of darkened houses and the menace of raids from the air. The Prince of Wales went into training with the first battalion of the Grenadier Guards at Warley, and then on the parade ground of Wellington Barracks, the "hot and dusty khaki-clad youth" was made into a soldier. The war grew in magnitude and became more horrible. The glamour passed and the long monotony began. The Prince's heart thumped the same battle tunes as those of his father's people: in common with millions of other Englishmen he felt that his duty lay in active service. He went to Oxford and saw the refugee Belgian soldiers lying in their cots. He spoke to them in their own language. With the deepening of his compassion, there grew also a wish to be with the Forces in France. The days of training at Warley came to an end; the date was fixed for his regiment to sail. At the last moment the Prince was told that he would not be allowed to go. It was his second disappointment, for only a few months before, when he said that he wished to return to the Navy, the Admiralty had refused the responsibility of turning any warship into such an attractive

target for the enemy. It was Lord Kitchener's restraining hand that kept the Prince back.

One morning early in October of 1914 the Prince of Wales, wearing the uniform of a subaltern, hurried up the vast marble stairs of the War Office and asked if he could see the Secretary of State for War. He found Lord Kitchener in the famous oak-panelled room which looks out into Whitehall and towards the arches beneath which the Life Guardsmen were mounted upon their horses. Lord Kitchener and the Prince sat on opposides of the great table, and they called each other "sir"—the one voice calm and strong, the other eager and young. Kitchener had said how striking it was to see "King Edward's most attractive traits . . . reproduced in the youthful Prince of Wales." The subaltern pleaded, but Kitchener would not change his mind.

"What does it matter if I am shot? I have four brothers," asked the Prince of Wales.

Kitchener answered: "If I were certain that you *would* be shot, I do not know if I should be right to restrain you. What I cannot permit is the chance, which exists until we have a settled line, of the enemy securing you as a prisoner."

Sir George Arthur has written that Kitchener clung "tenaciously to the theory that death on the field of battle can never be matter for lament, but that capture—however unavoidable—spelt triumph for the captor and some indignity for the captured." This was the theme of Lord Kitchener's argument and the Prince walked out of the War Office with no more satisfaction than the assurance that he would be allowed to go to France only when there was a settled line.

The Prince found little sympathy for his cause: he was alone in his disappointment and he turned to an old friend of his grandfather's, Sir Dighton Probyn, and entreated him to plead with Kitchener. In a room at Marlborough House, where, as a little boy, the Prince had often played with King Edward VII, he pleaded with his grandfather's friend. Sir Dighton said afterwards that tears came into the Prince's eyes

as he begged him to induce the Secretary of State to allow him to fight in France.

A month passed and the Prince went to the War Office again. Lord Kitchener would not change his decision: he only repeated his promise that when there was a stable line the Prince would be allowed to join his battalion in France. A few days later, Kitchener was able to keep his word. Within forty-eight hours after the first battle of Ypres he made arrangements for the Prince of Wales to sail. The Prince hurried off to Marlborough House with the good news. Sir Dighton Probyn described the scene in a letter to Sir George Arthur. "I saw the dear . . . Prince of Wales yesterday. He came to wish me good-bye—and it really was delightful to see the change that had come over him since he had last been in this room. On the last occasion he really *cried* with sorrow at the idea of 'being disgraced,' and he said he was not being allowed to go to the war. Yesterday his face beamed with joy. Do let Lord Kitchener know this."

At half-past twelve on the morning of 12th November the young soldier leapt up the stairs of the War Office, two at a time, to say good-bye to Kitchener before he left for France.

CHAPTER SEVEN

A SOLDIER IN FRANCE

King George V had never encouraged friendships with his kinsmen in the Courts of Europe. Visits to his German cousins had always been chill and formal, and, although the King was always fond of the Tsar, he had little sympathy with the habits of Court life in Russia. He used to tell a story of one of his cousins—Princess Helena Victoria—when she was on a visit to Russia. At the end of a reception, she was standing near the door of a palace when she saw a servant hurry up to a Grand Duchess and tell her that her coachman had been frozen to death while waiting on the box of her carriage. Princess Helena Victoria heard the Grand Duchess say, "But how am I to get home?"

Such stories only increased the gap between the British Court and the European relationships that had been so important to Queen Victoria.

Like his father, the Prince of Wales was essentially British, in his thought, and emotions. When he crossed to France to join his regiment, nothing mattered to him but his own adventure and the valour of his father's people.

Up to this time King George and Queen Mary had not suffered anxiety from having any member of their family in danger from the enemy. Now they were one with the thousands of parents whose sons were at the war. The Prince went to France under the personal direction of Lord Cavan, to whom the King said no more than, "I want you to look after him." Lord Cavan's task was not easy, for the Prince threw himself into his new life with so much energy that those who watched him were continuously alarmed. Sir Charles Munro has written of a morning when he was told, rather early, that the Prince was missing; that he had left for the front trenches with his old company of Grenadiers, without permission. The General followed, in his car.

When the General came abreast of the company he beckoned to the Prince, who mumbled as he came near. "I heard what you said, Prince," said Sir Charles—"Here is that damned old General after me again! Jump into the car, or you will spoil my appetite for breakfast."

The Prince's inherited energy made him impatient. He had arrived in France before the dullness of war had set in: the peasants were still 'stripping their gardens to pelt our soldiers with flowers as they passed,' and the Tommies were still giving away their badges and buttons as souvenirs, so that they had to tie their tunics with string. The Prince hurried away from these zones of picturesque safety. A private wrote of him: "He is among the keenest and hardest soldiers." One day he was in a house which was "rocking and shaking all night under the constant detonation of bombardment." "The Prince is always in the thick of it," wrote a private in the Coldstream. "Only last night he passed me when the German shells were coming over.... I hope, please God, he will come home safe and sound without a scratch." One day the Prince brought a German officer down in his car. When the prisoner was handed over, an Irishman wrote: "Never saw anyone look so well as the Prince of Wales. He is simply full of vim and has a real weather-beaten look, and is as wiry as a cat." In brief, the Prince was "a handful" to those who were responsible for him and they often became annoyed by his impetuosity. He would not accept authority blindly and his revolt against the discretion of the old was significant. He belonged to the new generation which was to stand strangely alone when the war was over; independent and inclined to resent all fetters.

One day Sir Philip Gibbs forced his way through a wood to reach the crest of a hillock. There he saw two Generals and several officers on the hillside; then two other figures climbed the slope and joined them. One of them arrested his attention. "Who was that young officer, a mere boy, who came toiling up through the slime and mud, and who at the crest halted and gave a quick salute to the two Generals? He turned,

and I saw that it was Edward Prince of Wales; and through the afternoon, when I glanced at him now and again as he studied his map and gazed across the fields, I thought of another Edward Prince of Wales, who, six centuries ago, stood on another field of France."

The Prince's service was scattered over many areas. In January of 1915 he was A.D.C. to Sir John French at St. Omer, and in February and March he was attached to the Second Division, under General Horne, at Bethune. In April and May he went to the First Corps and, after brief leave in England, he returned to the Guards Division.

In April of 1915 the Prince crossed to England for a few days, with a despatch from Lord French to Lord Kitchener. "I am sending another despatch by the Prince of Wales," wrote Lord French. "May I appear at your breakfast-table at 8.30 a.m. on Wednesday, the 14th? I can get over late on Tuesday. I am telling the Prince of Wales to tell the King I can go to see him on Wednesday if he wishes to see me, but I have asked him to tell no one that I am coming, and I am sure you will also keep my secret. I don't want the P.M. or Winston or anyone but you and the King to know I am in London. I will bring maps and copious notes and tell you everything, but I don't want to have anything in writing. I am in strong hopes of a great advance. I hope you agree in all this. A wire in answer will do; put 'Yes' or 'No.'"

On the evening of his arrival in London with the despatch, the Prince dined with Lord Kitchener at St. James's Palace. Next day, Kitchener told his secretary that he had noticed "the increased poise and self-confidence" in his guest. He said he was pleased, because he had been the means of giving the Prince this, the first big adventure in his life.

From St. James's Palace the Prince went to Windsor to see the King: a few days later he returned to the Front.

Although the Prince enjoyed the society of the generals during his service abroad, his youthfulness and his love of pleasure often guided him away into the less grand company of junior officers and men. He showed traces of his grand-

father's character and tastes—a wish to know everybody, a natural liking for cosmopolitan society, and impatience in the presence of pompous or pretentious people. Already the young Prince seemed to turn away from conventional society, as if it bored him. One day he went to the Hôtel du Grand Cerf, which had been spared when the Rue de la République was bombarded. It happened that M. Marcel Laurent, the French novelist, saw him and wrote a pleasant account of the scene.

"In the common dining-room" Marcel Laurent found a party of British officers at luncheon. He wondered if they were really officers, for their khaki uniforms showed no distinguishing marks. "They are conversing in low tones, and do not break off in their talk at the appearance of a soldier who, pipe in mouth, advances towards them and stands listening to them. He, too, is distinguished by no ribbon, no officer's stripes, no badge, no insignia. He is not tall, very slender; he would even appear a little frail if his firm carriage did not undeceive one. The peak of his cap drawn low over his forehead, a crook-handled walking-stick hanging from his arm, his wrists protected by warm woollen mittens, he pleases by his graceful bearing.

"Is he a junior officer, this young man, eighteen at the most, blue-eyed, fresh-cheeked, clear-complexioned? One guesses him to be a recruit of the previous day, but where will one meet a more youthful voluntary recruit?

"He goes away for an instant, he inspects a large grey automobile which is standing before the door, and he returns, still standing, talking and laughing, with his companions. Someone says: 'No, it is not a party of British officers, or this soldier would speak to them at a greater distance.'

"However, the meal over and the bill settled, the travellers get their things together, betake themselves to the car, consult a map slipped behind a sheet of glass, and take their places. The young soldier of eighteen jumps in and takes the wheel; then, as the motor drones and moves off, the hotel proprietor, knowing something of the secrets of gods and kings, certain of no longer committing an indiscretion in raising an august

incognito, points to the unassuming fair young man who, pipe in mouth, is driving the grey automobile: 'His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.'"

Early in 1916 the Prince went into training with the first battalion of the Grenadier Guards at Calais. But he became impatient with routines: war news from Egypt made him wish to go farther afield and see the campaign in the Near East. The King was reluctant when the plan was suggested to him, because of the danger from submarines in the Mediterranean. Again it was Lord Kitchener who sponsored the Prince and encouraged the King to allow him to go. The secrecy in which he made the journey is a tribute to the silent service: even the destroyers *Acorn* and *Sheldrake*, which escorted the light cruiser in which the Prince crossed from Marseilles to Alexandria, were not aware that they were guarding him. The officers were surprised when, from the comparative safety of Alexandria Harbour, he signalled them his thanks.

In Egypt the Prince met Australian and New Zealand soldiers for the first time. Their vitality and frankness were the first influences which came to him from the far-away countries of the Commonwealth. After he had bathed with them in the Canal, near Ismailia, eaten with them and shared their jokes, he was a Little Englander no longer. A new interest came into his life and he repeatedly said that he wished to understand more of the new countries. A fresh theme had begun: it was to grow in strength and equip him for his mission after the war, when he became his father's greatest ambassador among the people of the Dominions.

There was a separate task for the Prince while he was in Egypt: he was entrusted with the drawing up of a report on the Suez Canal defences. He went as far as Khartoum: then he returned to England with the long report, written in his own hand.

As the days in Egypt passed, those who were with the Prince saw a change in his manner. His journey so far away from England no doubt gave him the perspective he had always lacked, and the result was increased confidence in himself. The

historical monuments and ancient appeal of Egypt did not draw him into the past. It was already apparent that his heart and mind were with his own century. He might have recalled the journey made by King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, over the same country in 1862. The likeness between grandfather and grandson sharpens when one reads Dean Stanley's letters, in which he recorded his failure to interest Prince Albert Edward in the "tumble-down old temples." The tastes of the twentieth century heir to the throne were similar to those of his grandfather who had been found sitting at the foot of one of the pyramids, reading *East Lynne*. The Prince expressed his own feeling for the past by climbing one of the pyramids and driving a golf ball from the summit. The Australians and New Zealanders, with their talk of a new empire, meant more to him than the memorials of an ancient empire, crumbling back into the dust.

CHAPTER EIGHT

WAR ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

The Prince was refreshed by the new interests he had found in Egypt. He enjoyed his brief experience of the raw-boned Australians: through their physical bravado and their frankness of speech, they had given him his first lesson in the Antipodean point of view. He never turned from candour when it was within the bounds of good manners, and he liked these people from the new world who dealt neither in compliments nor idle words. He was bored by the report which he had to prepare on the Suez Canal, declaring that the mission had been invented only to give him a reason for going to the Near East. But the months in Egypt had not been wasted: from this time he talked of Australia and New Zealand with growing interest. On arrival in Egypt he had seemed tired and disgruntled, but he left for Italy in May with his old spirit alive once more. This was well, for he was on the edge of an interesting adventure.

The King of Italy sent the royal train to carry the Prince from Spezia to Udine, then the Italian Headquarters. They were to be together for four days, on the Austro-Italian front. At the same age as the Prince, now travelling towards Udine in his drab khaki uniform, the Prince Consort had been to Rome and he had sat with the Pope, talking sedately of Etruscan art. King Edward VII had also visited Rome when he was in his early twenties. When King Victor Emmanuel II had been at Windsor a little time before, he had shown Queen Victoria a photograph of his royal children, with the exclamation: "Ah, this is nothing; you should see my other family." She had wondered after this whether it was wise for her impressionable son to go to Rome at all. He had departed for Italy with many cautions and, taking no chances, Queen Victoria had instructed Colonel Bruce to be at hand, even when her son went to see the Pope.

Such doubts did not disturb the pleasure of the meeting between the King of Italy and the Prince of Wales in 1916. The friendship between the House of Windsor and the House of Savoy scorned the doubts of the 'fifties, and it did not anticipate the rifts of 1936. The Italians still sang "In guerra con tutto il mondo, ma in pace con l'Inghilterra."

Only three years before, during the Turko-Italian War, the King of Italy had abandoned hostilities as the *Medina* passed through the Mediterranean on the way to India with King George and Queen Mary on board. The official record of the *Medina's* voyage states: "The next five days were smoothly spent in crossing waters that were troubled in another way, for Their Majesties were now within the zone of war between Italy and Turkey; but it was a remarkable testimony of respect to the British Sovereign that, although the *Medina* might at any moment have been within earshot of a sea fight, both belligerents agreed that the passage of the King should be completely peaceful, and they made their dispositions accordingly. . . . The navy . . . did no less honour to the royal travellers. The mariners' lights along the coast . . . were all temporarily relighted as Their Majesties passed by."

An eminent British soldier who served with the Italian forces has described the simple life which the King of Italy shared with his troops during the 1914-1918 war. In all this time he never left his soldiers, except for his annual leave of two weeks. "The King would receive his visitors in a tiny bedroom—the visitor sitting on the only chair, the King on the end of the camp-bed. Books were his only luxury. This simple monarch, who collects coins with as much eagerness as King George collected stamps, brought none of the paraphernalia of royalty with him to the front. The stories of his simplicity were always stirring smiles among the British officers who knew him. Once, when he had to spend a night in the open, the officer accompanying him showed the King a small attaché-case and said that it contained all his luggage. 'I have done better than that,' said the King, producing a small parcel wrapped in an old newspaper. He would spend the day in the trenches, unrecog-

nised, dressed as a private, and hold councils with his Generals in the evening."

A little time before the Prince of Wales arrived in Italy, Queen Mary had been told of King Emmanuel's daring and she had charged a British officer going to Italy to ask him to be more careful. The King's answer was like the plea of the Prince of Wales to Lord Kitchener. "The Queen is very kind—very kind. But what does it matter? I am but one link in a chain, and if I am killed there is somebody younger and more able to take my place. But thank the Queen. She is very kind."

The same British officer has said of the meeting between the King and the Prince: "They were all the time warning each other not to take risks. The King was afraid of the Prince's daily habit of going too near the Austrian lines. When the Prince went back to Italy again in 1918 to stay with the King a second time, he broke away from all warnings and control and flew over the Austrian trenches. The enemy aircraft were stationed near the front and on hot, sunny days the Austrian airmen would fly up into the sun's direct rays and swoop down, with the protecting light behind them. On such a day the Prince flew off with Barker, the Canadian airman, over the Austrian lines. The King was perturbed and almost angry. But he was equally indiscreet: one day he went up to the lines and sat under a tree to eat his luncheon. A shell exploded and carried the tree away while the King was resting, after his meal."

The Prince of Wales returned to England having made a new friend. The line of *Cymbeline*, "Let a Roman and a British ensign wave friendly together," rang true again, for him.

In May 1916, the Prince again came under the command of Lord Cavan when he was attached to the Fourteenth Corps at Lovie Château. He remained during June and July, moving with them to the battle of the Somme. By this time he was a seasoned soldier. His experiences on the scattered fronts had made him wiser, but they had also brought him grief. His friend, Major Cadogan, had been killed early in the war. During the battle of Loos, in the autumn of 1915, he had come

near death himself. He arrived at a village and left his driver in the car while he went up to the lines. When he returned, the car was smashed and the driver, who had been his servant since Oxford days, was dead at the wheel. The Prince gathered the man's belongings into his handkerchief and carried them back to Headquarters.

Through these experiences, the Prince's will, and his knowledge, were increasing towards the time when he was able to say: "In those four years I mixed with men. In those four years I found my manhood." In this search he did not become more docile, nor was he more inclined to accept judgments from his elders without question. He tried to stand upon his traditions as upon a hill and not be engulfed by them. His thoughts were his own, but his actions were enough to suggest the way these thoughts were straying. The Emperor of Germany had been wrong when he said that Prince Edward was "far from being a pacifist." He was not a sentimentalist over man's need for self-protection, but he did not forget the lesson of his four years on service. In 1929, when he spoke at the British Industries Fair, he said that he hoped for a day when, "if two nations want to fight, there will be some power which will say, 'Move on!' the same as a London policeman would say if he found two men fighting in the street."

The Prince's impatience with his superior officers did not abate. General Maude said that he was always "anxious" to be with him when he went to the front trenches, and another officer, who was asked to watch over him, sighed with relief when the Prince was transferred. "Thank Heaven he's going," he said. "This job will turn my hair grey. . . . He insists on tramping in the front lines." In the history of the Welsh Guards, Major Dudley Ward writes of an occasion when the Prince "came up to the line and the guns started to drop shells all around him, so that he and General Gathorne-Hardy had to double across to some pill-boxes in the Grenadier lines."

Two more pictures of the Prince's war service are important in a study of his growing character. When King George V

went to France to be with his troops, in 1916, he inspected the Flying Corps at Hesdinguel Airdrome. After riding down the company, he turned to inspect a new machine. Without any warning the men gave three cheers. "The King's horse, which had up to this time taken no notice of the cheering, suddenly reared up and slipped backwards, falling on the King."

The Prince of Wales was nearby: he stayed with his father during the awful drive back to the château at Aire, anxiously watching the King's face becoming paler and paler. When the King was safe in bed the Prince hurried back to England, "to report all details to Their Majesties the Queen and Queen Alexandra." The officer who recorded this wrote, "The older staff officers and officials who were at Aire were greatly impressed by the way the Prince grappled with the situation, anxious but excited, efficient although he was deeply sympathetic."

The other story is of his compassion. One day he went to a hospital, where he was allowed to see only the more happy and presentable patients. He knew there were others and he asked to see them. These were men in another ward who had been deformed by their wounds. He went and spoke to them. When he came to the end of the ward he was asked not to go into the next room, where there was a man misshapen beyond recognition. The Prince insisted. He went in and found a man, horribly torn, lying upon the bed. He leaned over and touched the soldier's cheek with his lips.

One service which prospered because of the Prince's experiences in France was the Toc H movement. The story of the birth of Toc H is well known: Talbot House was first opened in December 1915, in Poperinghe. In April 1916 the Prince went to Talbot House for the first time and met Mr. (Tubby) Clayton, who later said, "The Prince's natural shyness and reserve no longer impeded him. He had in 1916 won a place of his own in the esteem of all ranks in or near the line; he knew what he could do, and did it with a cheerful tact and most unfailing energy. He learned to love the wayside con-

versations, and he found men most refreshing. To him a pair of shoulders in a tavern, a laden figure picking its way up a duckboard track, a man upon a road or a soldier writing home meant someone to be talked to as he passed. And what he said was never strained or formal. This was the beginning of his development as a conversationalist, and now I think he is the most accomplished conversationalist in the world. Think of the hundreds of people to whom he speaks, people with strong prejudices. They may be social, political, intellectual or racial prejudices. A phrase askew in the Prince's conversation would be a disaster; a friend of England lost and perhaps an enemy created. And yet, with this art which makes it possible for him to talk to almost anybody on the subject which interests them, he is never merely 'all things to all men.'

"It is not generally fluidity which makes his talk so versatile. It is because of his undimmed, never-wearying attempt to find out facts, which he sorts discerningly and puts in his astonishing memory. From this store the facts have an odd habit of popping out at the right moment, months or even years later. All sorts of conditions of men thus become attached to the Prince with a kind of loyalty and appreciation which is essentially personal and has nothing to do with his unique position."

The declared purpose of Toc H in peace time is to conquer hate, and it confines this task to the generation between the Boy Scouts and the men in the services. This aim appealed to the Prince and when Mr. Clayton remodelled Toc H to suit the needs of the young, after the war, the Prince gave his name to the plans. In 1919, Toc H had become poor and its future uncertain. The Prince of Wales immediately gave Mr. Clayton his full support and help. Mr. Clayton has told the rest of the story. "The Prince has led the building of Toc H, and he guided it in many overseas developments. He has visited houses of Toc H in every part of London, in Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Newcastle, Halifax, Hull, Southampton and as far off as Buenos Aires. On his way back from Melton he has twice turned aside for a friendly glimpse of our house at Leicester. He has lit every lamp of remembrance from his



(Picture Post Library)

The Prince of Wales with Comdr. Griffiths, landing in Canada
for the second time. (September 1923)

own, and has never missed a chance of showing kindness to great or tiny meetings."

The Prince's unusual fervour over the work of Toc H touched one of the mainsprings in his nature. "All problems at bottom are human problems," he once said. "I have often called upon Toc H to serve. I call upon it now to serve with its mind as well as with its hand. Understanding comes not from the heart only, but from the head."

As far as is humanly possible, Toc H aims at the death of prejudice and the fostering of opinion. The Prince's enthusiasm over this law of living, which was revealed to him in France, caused him to nurse Toc H from the day when it was a struggler, with no money in the bank, to the time when its influence was spread throughout the Commonwealth.

The war ended and the Prince returned to England. Four years previously, the King—much against his will—had allowed his young heir to face the hazards of war. Now a man came back in place of the boy; a man who was to be identified with all the strange changes born of peace. The war created a wide gap between the generations, and it was exemplified in the differences of character in King George and his son. Fathers who belonged to the old generation, and sons who had been through the anxiety and unsettling experience of France, lived in different worlds. Even when the heroics faded, and the mundane affairs of living were resumed, the difference persisted.

From the time of his return to England, the Prince of Wales chose an independent way which led him far from the traditions of his father's Court. Like his grandfather, he found pleasure in a small coterie of friends, chosen for their amusing qualities rather than for their position or their intellectual gifts.

In time, the dwindling ranks of polite society resented the originality of the Prince's chosen friends. As his independence increased, he was almost stubborn in his habit of turning his back upon conventional social life. The Prince was not alone in this reaction. In the restless years after the war, when the

life of restaurants swelled and the old-fashioned notions of home life were neglected, the young of every class liked to boast of their independence and to fly in the face of convention. It was not consoling to be told that this was an inevitable state after war. It did not make King George's problem as a father any less menacing, nor could it console him or any other parent in the land for the fact that the young were lost to the old, as no generation had been lost before.

If the Prince of Wales disappointed his father and those ranks of society which expected him to be their leader, there was another field in which the heir to the throne performed unique service. His judgment sometimes erred, but his compassion brought the poor close to his heart. The final battle of his life as King was to be between his heart and his judgment, and it was his judgment that failed. But it should be remembered by those historians who write of these problems in the future, that King Edward's final renunciation of his crown must be judged in the light of the years when he lived a restless, uncertain life; a life which gave him little chance of developing those serene qualities of mind which might have guided him into higher spheres of moral conquest, when the hour of his temptation came.

King Edward may have failed in the high offices forced upon him as a sovereign, but he did not fail as Prince of Wales. The pain and humiliation of his exile since the abdication must always be remembered as the tragic end of a great mission among the poor people of his father's kingdom. His compassion guided him to nobleness among them, and that compassion was already strong in him when he returned to England in 1918, and began to identify himself with the stark and uncertain life of the mass of people who were trying to recover from the disaster of the war.

CHAPTER NINE

THE END OF THE WAR

Although the area of Queen Victoria's Empire was almost doubled during her reign, it was to Europe that she looked for her interests rather than to the new countries of the south. Her Ministers were inclined to view colonial problems as a nuisance and, as late as 1902, there were complaints from the permanent officials in Whitehall, who were "a good deal bored . . . with Colonial Premiers in general and Mr. Seddon* in particular." Queen Victoria had allowed her eldest son to open a bridge across the St. Lawrence in 1860 and in the same year Prince Alfred had laid the foundation-stone of a new break-water in Cape Town. Her effigy had been made in snow by her loyal subjects in the west of Canada and the main streets of colonial towns had been named after her. But Queen Victoria's thoughts and affections were too closely tied to Europe for her to comprehend, as a whole, the problems of her own Empire.

King Edward VII, who was the first sovereign to use the title of King "of the British Dominions beyond the Seas," broke down some of these prejudices when he came to the throne. But it was not until his son, Prince George, toured the world, that an English prince was able to understand the aims of the Dominions and Colonies. King George's final command over the hearts and fidelity of his people in the Dominions had a tangible beginning: at his first breakfast in Australia, he found a wreath of roses around his plate, placed there, his hostess told him, "for Sunday morning and in memory of England." His journeys as a cadet had allowed him to gain at least a hint of the "colonial" point of view. When Prince George returned to England after his second tour of the Empire, he revealed the convictions which had come to him in the speech that he made at the Guildhall. He had sensed the perils of widening the gulfs between the parent England and her

* Premier of New Zealand.

colonial children. "The old country must wake up," Prince George had said, "if she intends to maintain her old position." When he became King—when the torments of war and the chicanery of diplomats drew his attention to Europe—he did not forget the lesson of his journeys to the young countries. His unique talent for storing knowledge was centred on the Empire, no matter how often his Ministers talked of the old enmities of Europe. The Lieutenant-Governor of Western Australia said*, in 1934, that, of all the officials he had met in London, none knew as much of the life and industry of his part of Australia as King George. The detail and certainty of his Sovereign's knowledge astounded him.

It fell to Prince Edward of Wales to complete this bond between Britain and her Dominions, not by appealing to old sentiments, but through practical interest. Perhaps his encounter with the Australians and New Zealanders in Egypt first made him realise that the strength of his father's Empire depended more on friendship with the new countries than by meddling with the old feuds of Europe. This theme of interest in the Dominions persisted, and it grew. When news of the Armistice came, the Prince was in billets with the Canadian Corps: next day he hurried to Mons and arrived in the market-place in time to hear the clock strike eleven—the hour when "horror drifted away." He took his place in the scene and he saw the aircraft flying back to Mons after firing the last shots of the battle. From this time his interests were diverted to the positions controlled by Dominion soldiers. He was attached, first, to the Australian Corps Headquarters at Ham and then, in January 1919, he was posted to the New Zealand Division at Leverkusen. No other soldier had seen the war from as many angles, but the abiding impression which the Prince brought back to England was of the part played by the soldiers of Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. He had shared with them the emotions engendered by the Armistice; and when he returned to London and made his home in York House, it was of the countries of the Empire

* In conversation with the author.

that he thought first. There was no need for him to make merely sentimental claims in attaching himself to what was to become one of the great causes of his life. He was among the first of Britain's leaders to hope that the Empire could be bound together as an economic unity, independent of the rest of the world. This great vision may not have been clear to him in 1918, but he was already beginning to see it upon the horizon.

While the Prince's first Empire journeys were being arranged, he had to learn to become a Londoner again. He was allowed the privilege of his own house and establishment, and he slowly imposed his identity upon the English people to whom, before the war, he had merely been the eldest of their Sovereign's sons. Up to 1914, King George and Queen Mary had guarded their heir from too much limelight. The sons of kings are in greater danger of being spoiled by adulation than the sons of other people, and King George had been aware of the perils of allowing Prince "David" to appear too often in public when he was a boy. The Prince had driven through the streets for the Coronations of his grandfather and his own father, and he had held the stage during his investiture at Carnarvon. But, for the most part, he had been kept in the shade and, before 1914, his growing personality had not arrested public attention. The first time he emerged from these shadows was when he appealed for funds in aid of National Relief. He began his speech in a nervous, hesitating voice. For two or three minutes it seemed that he would fail, but his sincerity burned brightly behind his indecision, and, towards the end, he spoke so fervently that the women who listened to him took off their jewels and the men emptied their pockets, in aid of the fund. This was the beginning of his popularity.

When the war ended and the mass of people no longer had the trenches as a focus for their emotions, the Prince of Wales soon became a public hero and a lion. He became also a romantic figure, like a prince in a children's book. When he paused to help an old soldier, or be kind to the sick, or to

aid charitable objects, he satisfied the public craving for peaceful chivalry, in place of the filth and misery of war. The Prince's photograph was in every house. "God Bless the Prince of Wales" became a popular anthem; and the newspapers, fumbling for grand words with which to describe him, called him Galahad. At first, he was not influenced by this praise, and he tried to escape from the flattery and cheers. But no man could have withstood the temptation to vanity when all the world had set out to make him vain. Although the Prince did all that was asked of him, his modesty was slowly shaken. Every day he moved among cheering crowds: each speech made before him was a compliment. His slimmest platitude was printed in big letters in the newspapers. It is little wonder that he fell into the harmless conceit which afterwards grew so that it destroyed his self-judgment and made him over-assured; which made him lose all capacity of knowing the difference between wild popularity and calm esteem.

But the Prince worked hard, and he assumed more and more of the duties of being heir to the throne. King George did not make the mistake Queen Victoria had made: he did not keep the affairs of State back from his son. Queen Victoria believed her heir to be indiscreet and he had to wait until he was fifty-one years old before he was allowed to know all that was happening between his mother and her Ministers. King Edward VII did not repeat this error. "Let my son know, but no one else," he often said, when a document or despatch was placed before him. As far as was consistent with his prestige and duty as a constitutional monarch, King George V followed his father's plan, and he slowly admitted his son to more and more of his confidence.

In his new home within St. James's Palace, the Prince of Wales built up the structure of his independence. His will became his own, and he made every attempt to govern his household according to his own wishes. The manhood which he had discovered in France urged him to make his life according to his own standards. These standards were distressing to his father and to older prelates and statesmen, but they seemed

to be in harmony with the aims of the mass of younger people. Sick of war and broken by its miseries, they became suspicious of the guidance of the old, and cynical about many of the lessons they had learned at their parents' knee. The disillusioned and independent young believed in the Prince of Wales. On Peace night the thousands of people who pressed against the railings of Buckingham Palace were not satisfied with seeing only their King and Queen. They would not go home until the Prince came out to speak to them. On that night he became a Londoner and the Prince of his father's people. Uncertain of most things, they believed that they were justified in being certain of him. They still trusted heroes, and this trust was given to him, with all England's heart.

CHAPTER TEN

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

Many Britons fail to understand the people of the dominions and colonies. They take the loyalty of the new countries for granted, but they make little effort to foster or to deserve these emotions. On the eve of the 1914-1918 war there were gaps between the life and thoughts of Britain and her dominions. The early settlers had been bound tightly to England: the books on their shelves had been English, and the pictures on the walls of their wooden houses had been landscapes of Sussex or Cornwall, the Cheddar Gorge or the view of Westminster across the river. Letters exchanged between brothers and sisters kept the old loyalties alive. But, when a new generation tilled the colonial earth, they were merely the cousins of their relatives in England, and letters were no longer exchanged between them. The parents of this new generation of Australians and New Zealanders had understood the jokes in *Punch*; the pompous squire, the Cockney wit and the Scottish ghillie were all tangible to them, but not to their sons. The younger colonials created their own humour out of the life about them. They caricatured their own types—the squatter, the aboriginal, the Red Indian and the Maori. They no longer whistled “John Peel” and “Widdecombe Fair.” They had their own songs and their own muscular poets. Their diet changed. Pineapples and grapes were on the working man’s table in Australia. They put stuffing into mutton and called it colonial goose. In New Zealand the townspeople ate oysters as nonchalantly as their forbears had eaten winkles. They evolved their own slang. All these apparently superficial changes were important, for gradually it meant that England and the new countries no longer spoke the same language.

By 1914 the gap in habits and interests was wide, and, when an Australian came to England, like a son coming home to pay his respects to his grandparent, he was not wholly accept-

able to the English. To the subdued Briton, he seemed to be raw. The Australian was still loyal in his heart, but he visited England as a healthy child might call upon a grandfather who was losing his faculties. The Englishman responded by patronising the "colonial." When England was a Roman colony, Sallust wrote: "Poor Britons, there is some good in them after all—they produce an oyster." The Englishman had his revenge for this slight by thinking: "Poor Australians, there is some good in them after all—they produce sheep."

The war came in time to recapture and strengthen the British emotions of the Dominions before they died. Loyalty was strong as ever, but the vision of the Homeland had become dim. Every fine old tie was strengthened when the test of patriotism came. The most distant New Zealander believed blindly and passionately in the wickedness of the Kaiser and the stupidity of his son. They were caricatured in the Dominion newspapers and given tails and tridents. The raping of Belgian women, the myth of the brutal Hun and the martyrdom of Edith Cavell; these were no less horrible when news of them reached the Antipodes.

At first, the war had been more romantic than terrible to the new countries, where there was neither hunger nor actual danger. It was not until the hospital ships retraced the way of the troopships that the first stink of war came to the southern countries. Many little white hospitals flowered on the green colonial hills. If there were threats of nationalism and independence in Australia in 1914, they had died by 1918. When the war ended the thoughtful people of the new countries felt almost as if they were Britons again.

Perhaps the Prince of Wales sensed this devotion and the great opportunity which it offered to England. Then would have been the moment to talk of Empire Economic Unity—of the great links of trade and commerce. But England was bored by the war, in 1918, and she turned to the old gods of insularity and safety. Instead of worrying about how she could continue to hold, through enterprise, the love her colonial sons had given her during the war, she busied herself

about Turkey and Hungary and Greece. The quarrels of her neighbours were more interesting than the devotion of her own children. The new countries were allowed to slip back into their old life, and the stories of the gaucherie of Australian soldiers in London drawing-rooms were told more often than the stories of their valour in the trenches.

There were exceptions in this wave of apathy, mostly among young men, free from the old burrs of prejudice and insularity. None of them was more zealous and sincere than the Prince of Wales. When the war was over and he went to live in York House, he was still unsettled and anxious. He could not find the repose which was a blessing to the old, who were the custodians of the past. The Prince did not care about the haggling of the European Powers over territory and booty. Bigger issues had been revealed to him since 1914 and it was largely through his own wish that he began the great adventure and duty of visiting all the countries of his father's Empire. As far as he could judge then, their aims were nearer to his own than those of the jealous Powers of Europe. He chose the way of trade, and peace, among his own people.

There was nothing unreal or aloof about the good-looking prince who sailed for Canada on August 5, 1919. The cheerful chronicle of H.M.S. *Renown* records that "the Prince of Wales himself" was "all that has ever been said of him—very young-looking, he is nearer seventeen in appearance than his correct age of twenty-five; he is almost crazy about exercise. . . . The Atlantic crossing was quite uneventful, although we did do a little shooting at an iceberg as we were getting near Newfoundland. . . . Every day H.R.H. inspected some part of the ship, and we had some of the officers to lunch or dinner, very enjoyable, informal meals they were, too, without any special ceremony. . . . H.R.H. kept up the old naval custom of proposing the health of 'Sweethearts and Wives.' . . . The Prince and his staff dined in the wardroom, and we had a semi-organised 'rag' afterwards—quite the leading spirit being H.R.H., who finished the evening about 12.30 a.m. looking very hot and dishevelled, rather dirty about the shirt-sleeves and with some-

thing round his neck that might once have been a collar."

On August 15 the Duke of Devonshire welcomed the Prince in Canada. A little more than two months later he was back in Montreal, having travelled no less than 10,000 miles, by railway, car and steamer. He visited fifty towns; he attended hundreds of receptions and made hundreds of speeches. This was the strain put upon a young man who knew no world of experience beyond Osborne, Oxford and the battlefields. He attended Indian pow-wows, cowboy stampedes and dances, and he won the hearts of everybody in Saskatoon when he jumped on a broncho's back and remained there, in fierce conflict, for several minutes. He shook hands with mayors and he inspected Scouts and veterans. At Banff, the last frail remnant of the Indian people came and danced about him. Their chief, Young Thunder, addressed him in a few picturesque phrases and elected him as the white chief, Morning Star. "Accept this Indian suit, the best we have," he said. When the head-dress of rich and beautiful feathers had been placed on the Prince's head, he smiled and shook Young Thunder's hand.

Out in the west the Prince found the new prairie towns which had sprung up so quickly that they seemed unreal and unsafe. It was summer time when he went there, on the tremendous train which carried him to the foot of the Rockies. He paused at Calgary, where, soon afterwards, he was to buy a ranch and therefore become a Canadian land owner. In the years that followed, Calgary became innocently vain because the Prince of Wales's ranch was nearby.

"This is the Prince of Wales's town, you know," they used to say. "His ranch is here, sixty miles out. It's his retiring-place, you know. He loves riding out over the rolling Alberta hills. He comes here to rest with us when you English have worked him to a frazzle. He comes right out here, and he just crawls under a fence if a photographer happens to find him, and he makes friends with everyone, and he just buys his big hats in our stores, and—well—he's one of us."

In Montreal he addressed the French Canadians: "The union of the two races in Canada was never a matter of mere

political convenience. . . . The union of England and Scotland has been in existence for nearly two centuries. . . . Who can doubt that the union in Canada will produce as great, as powerful and as united a nation as the British nation itself. . . ."

At Quebec the Prince came upon the supreme test of his visit to Canada. But, any faint resentment that may have stirred among the old French patriots by the sight of the Renown, grey and secure, lying in the river, was not directed to the heir to the throne.

The Prince made a pilgrimage to the Heights of Abraham and he planted a Union Jack on the battlefield. When the splendid tour of Canada was over, his right hand was so sore that he could barely touch anything with it. His left hand was also strained by the shaking it was called on to do, as a substitute. Perhaps the memory of that first unending labour of Canada sprang to him when a stupid man in the East End of London once muttered, "Idle Rich!" as the Prince's car stopped near him. The Prince turned round and snapped out: "Rich, maybe, but not so very idle."

"I feel about my position and the responsibility it entails," he said before he left Toronto. "I can only assure you that I shall always endeavour to live up to that great responsibility and to be worthy of your trust."

Canada was not the end of the Prince's first adventure among the new countries. News of his charm had travelled south, and hundreds of Americans had already crossed the border to see this Prince who reduced people to smiles or tears, as he willed. The fine, transparent hero-worship of the Americans was not to be denied, and he was prevailed upon to visit their country before he returned to England. The King willingly gave his consent. More than half a century had passed since a Prince of Wales had visited the United States. When Prince Albert Edward came back from his American journey in 1860, he showed that he had learned much from his contact with the Americans. The members of his mother's Court had been delighted over the changes in him: he had

"grown" and he had become "much more manly." But he had not lost the "youthful simplicity and freshness" which gave his manner "such a charm." The Prince of 1919 came through the fire of America's kindness with similar good results. Americans were not strangers to him. He had stayed with the American Army Headquarters Staff in Coblenz and he had danced with American nurses on the Rhine. He had also stayed with General Pershing at American G.H.Q. Only on Armistice Day had there been such a demonstration in New York as on the morning of the Prince's arrival. They "showered down upon the bewildered, delighted boy a veritable rain of confetti until the streets were a gay carpet beneath his motor-car." He hated few things as much as confetti, but he continued to smile and to woo the spontaneous Americans into friendship. A writer who described the scene added: "And it was not entirely because he was Prince of Wales, but more particularly because we liked him." The tumult was kept up for several days. American enthusiasm is an embarrassing and overwhelming experience to a Briton who has been nurtured on repose and restraint. But the great, wild delight of a New York crowd is something of which Roman emperors might have dreamed, on the way home from war, and the Prince could not fail to be surprised and happy, no matter how tired he became. There is none of the "pregnant silence" of an English mass, when Americans are gay: their hearts burst and their voices ring in a moment of ecstasy. New York was amazing to the Prince. Of his inner sensations we know nothing. One can only guess shrewdly at his alarm, when one reads that he "fingered his tie, smoothed his hair and moved about in his chair."

Anglo-American friendship became one of the Prince's enthusiasms after this first taste of American kindness. "The Atlantic Ocean has grown noticeably smaller," he said some years afterwards. "The people of these two great countries are growing ever more anxious to join hands across it."

At eleven o'clock on Armistice Day, the train in which the Prince was travelling ran through Baltimore. It halted at the time when the two minutes' silence was being observed in

England. It was a happy chance that here, where the train stopped, there was a group of British soldiers who were able to join him in the silence. Afterwards, the Prince went out and shook their hands. He went on to Washington and made his first call at the White House. President Wilson was ill and could not see him, but, next day, the Prince went again, and he was received by the President, lying in bed and propped up with pillows. The Prince went from the rarefied atmosphere of the President's bedroom to speak to the members of the National Press Club. Here, indeed, he came upon a group of American realists who were not seduced by the dim appeal of history. The Prince's success was astonishing. He said to them: "You . . . are very highly trained critics on public writings and public speech, and I am not at all your equal in that respect. . . . Your institutions, your ways of life, your aims, are as democratic as ours, and the atmosphere in which I find myself is the same invigorating and familiar atmosphere I have always noted in American friends."

"It's the smile of him, the unaffected, modest bearing of him, the natural fun-loving spirit that twinkles in his blue eyes," one of them wrote. Some of the pressmen saw deeper than this, and realised that the Prince was intelligent and earnest in what he said. In the years that followed, thoughtful American writers usually spoke kindly of the Prince's achievements. They revealed their appreciation of his sympathy when he visited the distressed areas of the North in 1929. A writer in the *American Nation* said: "Condescension was not, we are sure, in the Prince's heart. And what he did no ruler, no statesman, no party leader at present active has ever done. The President of the United States, in the face of the conditions among Pennsylvania miners only a shade better than those in Wales, sat comfortably at home in the White House and did not even make a gesture of sympathy towards those in distress."

The Prince came back to England from the United States, assured that travel had opened his eyes and cleared his brain. He had completed the first important mission as his father's

ambassador: he had captured the affection of the Americans, whose friendliness for England was strengthened through his conquest. And he had thanked the Canadians for their service during the war. He revealed the effect of the Canadian visit in a few phrases when he said that he was "filled with admiration for what three or four vigorous and energetic generations" had "achieved in establishing the great Dominion." "I did not feel a stranger when I first landed in Canada," he said. "I have come back with a much clearer idea of what is meant by the British Empire." The last sentence was important because it was deeply true. He added, modestly, "I am not so foolish as to think that the wonderful welcome given me in Canada and again to-day are mere tributes to myself. I realise that they are given to me as the King's son and as his heir."

The success of the Prince's visit to Canada pleased the authorities in England. Now the old country had a plenipotentiary second to none. No grandiloquent politician or tactful official in Whitehall could ever hope to achieve the special kind of success which was vouchsafed to the Sovereign's heir. He was not allowed to rest now that he had proved his value and, early in the new year, he left England again, for Barbados, Honolulu, Fiji, New Zealand and Australia.

There was one pleasant ceremony before he sailed. In February, the Prince was made a Freeman of Windsor. The royal town put on its most splendid clothes in his honour and, as part of his pledge as a Freeman, he promised not to "do anything whereby this town or the freedom thereof may be damnified." He further promised that if he happened to "know of any conspiracy or mischief" against the borough he would "speedily disclose the same to the Mayor." After he had made this picturesque pledge, he stayed a little longer in London: then he sailed away on his second great journey across the world.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

BARBADOS, HONOLULU, FIJI AND NEW ZEALAND

The first pause in the Prince's journey towards the Southern Hemisphere was in Barbados. One phrase from the record of his visit intensifies the contrast between the warm and colourful country and the colder England which was then far behind him. In Barbados he walked along roads which led through "pillared aisles of stately sago-palms, past dense groves of green mahogany and bread-fruit trees or brilliantly red flowering devil-trees, hibiscus and silk cotton . . . blue sea and white, surf-swept beach."

Like his grandfather, in whose likeness he grew, the Prince was more interested in people than things. He soon turned from the natural charms to the social problems of each new country he visited. In Barbados he was able to reassure the natives, who had been disturbed by a rumour that some of their islands were to be sold to America. "I need hardly say that the King's subjects are not for sale to other governments," he said. "Their destiny, as free men, is in their hands. Your future is for you yourselves to shape." His ship steamed from Barbados to the Panama Canal. Each pause, as he crossed the great spaces of the ocean, brought him in touch with new aspects of life. At one end of the Canal he was heralded by three aircraft bearing the stripes of the old American Air Service: at the far end the natives addressed him in wild and glowing phrases. "In frantic supplication we fling ourselves at the feet of Almighty God to shower His blessings upon Your Highness . . ." they pleaded. And at the close they said: "If we be allowed another paragraph, may we then be permitted, in this final gasp, to express our desire that Your Royal Highness will greatly enjoy your visit to this port?" Their wishes were not in vain. He enjoyed everything.

In his book, *Down Under with the Prince*, Everard Cotes

wrote many fine descriptions of the scenes of the voyage: of the "yellow turtles, as big as footballs," which stuck out their little pointed heads to watch the ship as it passed, of the "schools of glistening porpoises" leaping in the sun, the houses of San Diego, "set among masses of roses, geraniums, hibiscus and purple salt grass in full bloom." Nor was humour lacking in the grand progress. At San Diego the Prince was serenaded by the biggest open-air organ in the world. "The organist sat by the roadside, and the pipes of his instrument pointed unprotected to the sky."

In Honolulu the Prince went to the palace of the old Queen of Hawaii, where busy typewriters and all the paraphernalia of the American administration had supplanted the dreamy state of the closing years of Liliuokalani's reign. There was an official ball for the Prince at night. He wandered on, from one startling scene to another, like a bewildered character in a pantomime, and when the ball was ended he crossed the island to see a *hookupu* gathering.

Hawaiian soldiers passed before him in their yellow robes. An unseen choir sang so that their voices filtered through the branches of the banyan trees, to the accompaniment of music from gourd lutes; and there were dancers, gorgeously decorated with feathers. In a hole dug into the well-kept lawn the carcasses of four pigs, together with quantities of chickens, fish, and sweet potatoes wrapped in green leaves, had been roasted by the Hawaiian cooks.

H.M.S. *Renown* moved into the sultry waters of the tropics. Neptune came on board, and he demanded the royal victim with glee. The Prince was docile while the courtiers of the Equatorial king sang:

Shave him and bash him,
Duck him and splash him,
Torture and smash him
And don't let him go.

The Prince of Wales was now in the Southern Hemisphere. The first port was Suva, in Fiji. These lovely islands, whose currency was once the shells of the seashore, before the white

men came, have lost a little of their charm in becoming outposts of the British Empire. Some of the vigour has gone out of the dark-skinned Fijians, who were once bold eaters of missionaries and traders, but who now play gramophones and eat tinned salmon. There was enough of the old beauty left to please the Prince of Wales while he stayed in Suva. He steamed into the harbour, past the island upon which the natives danced upon red-hot stones, in deference to old and more fierce gods than ours. For a day or two he lived among the Fijians; then he sailed on, towards New Zealand.

New Zealand is young in English history, but through the legends of the Maoris, its story can be traced back to the time of William the Conqueror. While the Norman was planning his conquest across the Channel, another adventurer stood on the shore of Tahiti and dreamed of unfound islands in the southern oceans of the world. This Tahitian made his brave journey in a canoe: he landed on the wild shore of New Zealand, killed a bird twice as tall as himself, ate his fill, and sailed away again. Two hundred years later his descendants crossed the same ocean, and those who survived the terrible journey became the first Maoris of New Zealand.

Six hundred years passed before the first European colonists made their settlements on the shores of the new country—in the 'forties of the last century. Less than a hundred years later the Prince of Wales arrived in Auckland, in April of 1920. In this time the straggling settlements had grown into the strength of a Dominion.

The Prince arrived on a glowing, sunny day. Hundreds of quick white yachts sped out over the blue water to meet him, and aeroplanes, juggling with the sunlight, swooped down over the cruiser as she moved in towards the wharves. The street through which the Prince drove—now a buzzing thoroughfare, flanked by tall stone buildings—had been the bed of a dribbling creek some eighty years before. It was now a dark and mighty river of people watching the Prince drive to Government House. Near the wharf upon which he landed there had been a little group of Labour agitators, gloomy and

discontented. When one of them saw him—a radiant, smiling boy standing in his car—he said: “Well, I am no bloody royalist, but he looks such a decent sort we must give him a cheer.”

Those who were older watched the Prince’s nervousness; the incessant clutching at his tie and the continuity of cigarettes. But, if he was anxious within himself, and bewildered, he did not succumb to his own feelings. Day after day he faced the crowds. There was no respite: he went from town to town, and in each of them the people came very near him. Girls patted his pillow when they were shown through the royal train; little boys stole the toothpicks from his table, as souvenirs. Farmers stopped their ploughs and waved as the train passed between the isolated country towns. Some brought flags with them into the fields so that they could greet him, and women ran out on to the verandahs of their small wooden houses, to wave their bed sheets.

The great spectacle was at Rotorua, the strange inland town where the earth is torn by holes of steaming mud, geysers and boiling streams. It is in this fantastic country that the Maoris still live as near to nature as civilisation allows them. These graceful, valiant natives have succumbed to most of our notions of comfort, but some of them remain in the little houses of their ancestors, carving pipes, sun-baking on their verandahs, or cooking their food in the natural ovens of the hot earth. The Maoris are poets and they adore the legends of kings. In the midst of their lake-side village the Prince came on an old wooden bust of Queen Victoria—a stiff, severe monarch holding her sceptre over hissing pools and gurgling mudholes.

The Maoris flocked about the Prince like excited children. They understood when he said, “It is Queen Victoria’s great-grandson who speaks to you to-day.” They watched him in silence as he spoke of his father. The King had seen their bravery and sacrifice; he had told the Prince to praise them for their “faithfulness and valour.” They understood when he said: “I will ever keep before me the pattern of Victoria, the great Queen, whose heart was with the Maori people from the day on which they swore allegiance to her rule.” Some

of them cried when the day was over, and there were groups of wondering Maoris outside his hotel, staring up at his window, long into the night. Next day many of them walked in the streets with postcards of their new hero pinned to their clothes.

Eight thousand Maoris danced for him, against the background of Lake Rotorua, shining like polished steel. The brown men sauntered into the arena, wearing their gorgeous feather mats. They carried big jade ornaments and their heads were decorated with plumes. They beat the earth with their naked feet and the women lashed the ground with green branches. They danced until they were tired—the dances of peace and the dances of war. Then one old man came forward with a great mat made of a million kiwi feathers. This was placed about the Prince's shoulders.

From Rotorua the Prince travelled south, through the pasture country and over the great mountains, to Wellington. Here was none of the spaciousness of Canadian life. New Zealand seemed to be a prosperous, gracious little country, sedately British and asking no more of the world than to be told that it was "just like England." The Prince found people who spoke affectionately of the countries from which their grandparents came: they showed him the few objects which had been carried across the world in the windjammers of one hundred years ago; the old prints, the clocks and the pictures, because these were their tangible bonds with the parent England. In Taranaki he walked where Charles Armitage Brown landed in the 'forties, carrying with him the pencil portrait he had made of Keats, who was his friend. In Wellington he was told the story of Alfred Domett, Browning's friend, who went to New Zealand and wrote the first considerable verses owing their inspiration to the Maori people.

New Zealand did not present any subtle problems of race for the Prince; nor was he disturbed by any undercurrents of political discontent. His smile, his graciousness and his indefatigable interest, were enough to satisfy all who saw him.

In almost every town some little episode relieved the

monotony of splendour: there was always some incident which allowed the New Zealanders to discover the anxious heart in the growing man—and sometimes the remaining mischief of the boy. One day he drove the engine of the royal train, and in Rotorua he rode on a merry-go-round.

The Prince crossed from the north island of New Zealand to the south, over the water by which a sailing ship had carried letters to Charlotte Brontë from her friend Mary Taylour in the 1840's. The Prince went among the mining towns of the west coast, and he crossed the Southern Alps and came to the country from which Samuel Butler conjured up the fanciful world of *Erewhon*. He passed through Butler's "millions on millions of acres of the most beautiful grass country in the world"; he followed the "broiling stream which descended from the glaciers," and he came to Christchurch, the most English city in New Zealand. The cheering went on: there was never a moment of quiet. Day after day, fresh thousands of people sang "God Bless the Prince of Wales." Sometimes he would halt the procession of cars to step down and speak to some old woman in her bath chair beside the road. Windows of cottages were wide open so that he could hear gramophones inside playing "God Save the King" as he passed. Every simple device was tried to display the happiness of the people. Even the prisoners in gaols were allowed to sit on top of the high walls and cheer him. Behind all this marvellous noise of happiness he carried the burden of the days of strain. One morning, the Prince's servant cut his hand while he was closing the door of the motor-car. During the day the Prince met many officials in several towns, and he spoke to perhaps five different congregations of people. He arrived in the last town in the evening, tired and only wishing to rest. But his first anxiety was for the servant. Was he badly cut? The Prince saw to it that the man's hand had been properly bandaged, before he went to bed.

Towards the end of the journey through New Zealand, those who lived near to the Prince were able to observe the changes which experience was bringing to him. In one sense he was

deceived as to the value of his travels. He was for ever meeting new people, and he therefore gathered a superficial, photographic view of human nature. He stored information, and his kindliness guided him to a sympathetic concern for all who came before him, but the knowledge was transient and disconnected. He was like a camera, catching fresh faces and views. This speed of living was to affect all his life and his judgment of human nature; it was also to contribute to his unhappiness, when the test of his character came, in the winter of 1936.

The fairest field of his influence was among the children. When he returned to England from Australia and New Zealand, he spoke to a company of Londoners at the Guildhall. "I did not see one single child who did not reflect in its healthy, happy little face that spirit of well-being which is the pride of both these countries," he said. He added, "You have here in the city of London a very sound and powerful notion of patriotism, but I can assure you, you would have your work cut out to feel it and show it more than they do in New Zealand."

The Prince returned to England from each of his Empire journeys with a fresh store of information. He became more practical, and the newspapers that described him as his father's greatest ambassador soon talked of him as England's best commercial traveller. He became more and more interested in the possibilities of Empire Economic Unity, and he used his inherited talent for accumulating information to learn more of the trade of his own country. "I would wear a different suit for every man I meet if it would help British trade," he said. Older people were almost shocked by his business-like air and they sometimes hinted that he was risking his dignity when he made so many practical efforts to encourage commerce. They might have turned for a precedent, to a letter which was written by Charles II to the Shogun of Japan.

"England affords such great varieties and quantities of woollen clothes and stuff fit for the clothing of all sorts

of persons, which not only tends to ye great health and fortifying ye spirits of and delight to them to wear them, especially in such climates as your Empire, but are much more lasting and cheaper than other clothes."

In March of 1933 the *Daily Express* called the Prince the "Prince of Salesmen," after Messrs. Vickers Ltd. had made a contract worth three million pounds, with the Central Railway of Brazil. Lord Dudley announced that the order "was due to conversation between the Prince of Wales and Rio de Janeiro authorities." Although the Prince had become astute in pouncing upon such opportunities in foreign countries, it was trade within the British Empire that interested him most. At the time when the Commons smiled at Edward Marjoribanks for talking of Empire Free Trade, the Prince of Wales was already busy searching every market in which these hopes might be realised.

CHAPTER TWELVE

AUSTRALIA

The Tasman Sea separates the Australians and the New Zealanders as definitely as the Atlantic divides the English from the Americans. It is astonishing that two countries can be so near, drawing their colonists from the same parent stock, and yet grow up, so different in aims and character. The New Zealander is still in love with the past, but the Australian, bred more hardly, is inclined to question tradition and to insist upon greater individual freedom.

The Prince of Wales did not miss the difference between the two countries. When he returned to London he spoke of the "old country character of the people" in New Zealand, but when he talked of the Australians he recalled their "genius for sport and enjoyment," their "courage and self-confidence" and their "happiness."

The Australians were loyal after the war, but, as one of their writers confessed, they had become apathetic about "crowns, thrones and all this monarchy business." The Prince broke down this apathy in a day, and the *Sydney Sun*, a brave and independent newspaper, wrote of him: "Before the Prince landed the popular idea of princes was of something haughty and remote, but this smiling, appealing, youthful man . . . smiled away the difference which Australians believe lay between royalty and the commonalty."

Melbourne's harbour was so lost in fog as the *Renown* turned in from the open sea that the Australian destroyers had to steam out to meet the Prince: one of them, H.M.A.S. *Anzac*, came alongside and took him on board. She carried him into Melbourne at forty knots, against a ten-knot tide. The fog politely lifted before such a splendid performance and the Prince saw the city, suddenly released from the mist.

Melbourne repeated New Zealand's welcome: similar crowded streets and high buildings with people clinging to

every window-sill and cornice; a similar multitude of flags and banners; and school-children, spelling the word WELCOME in human letters, across a great lawn.

When the Prince's conquest of Melbourne was over, he went to the hinterland from which the city draws its prosperity. He walked over the rich earth, with its crops of oats and its thousands of sheep grazing at the feet of the low blue hills. He walked on the edge of the impenetrable forests of eucalyptus, the sad and beautiful tree which fills the valleys and covers the lower slopes of the Australian mountains.

Slowly, the strange new sights and smells of Australia added to the Prince's understanding of the country. He went to the deserted gold mines of Ballarat, where the fields are scarred by the holes dug by the early prospectors. The girls of Ballarat gave him a suit of yellow silk pyjamas to which each one of them had contributed a stitch. There was imagination and devotion in all the tributes. In Bendigo he travelled under an arch of girls who dropped flowers on his car as he passed. There was no rest, and he had to face enthusiasm which might have killed him, had his will been weaker or his pleasure less intense. As he went from town to town, the Australians themselves became anxious. "Human strength is unequal to the tasks which have been set," wrote one reporter. But Australia showed that there was sensitiveness as well as enthusiasm in its heart by abandoning some of the plans and allowing the Prince to rest. His hands were swollen from greeting so many people and he was very tired, but good rewards came for all that he did. A new arch had been built on the wharf while he was in Melbourne, and as he walked under it to board the *Renown* again, he looked up and read the words: "Australia is proud of you."

Each day, during the long journeys across new stretches of country, cables were sent to the King and Queen. The stories of their son's success were written into glowing messages from the governors who entertained him. The descriptions were always of his charm, his smile and his popularity. On the surface, King George and Queen Mary had every reason for

being proud. But they wondered, many times, over the wisdom of this haphazard travelling—this roaming, suitcase existence, in which nothing was permanent. It is said that Queen Mary was concerned over the effect of the constant journeys and that she once said that her son would lose all power of ever settling down, if the restless career went on. But the acclamation was too loud and the superficial signs of success were too convincing: the King and Queen were obliged to dismiss their own doubts and to accept the signs of the growing epic.

The Prince left Melbourne in the shadows of evening, and the last sounds that came to him as the *Renown* steamed out to sea were of aeroplanes overhead, flying out so that their farewell would be prolonged as long as possible.

The welcome was repeated, at sea, near the great heads of Sydney Harbour. The cruisers and destroyers guided the Prince in to the broad, lovely water, upon which five hundred yachts dipped their flags and five hundred launches marked their courses with skirts of foam. Here the landing was more simple, for the Prince stepped ashore upon the beach and he entered Sydney under arches of wool bales and corn sheaves.

We may believe that Mr. W. H. Hughes was speaking for his country when he said at the Commonwealth dinner: "Times, circumstances, and the age-long struggles for freedom by men who held liberty dearer than life, have fashioned the constitution under which we live. The monarchy is an integral part of it. If Britain decided to adopt a republican form of government, that would be the end of the Empire as we know it to-day."

The man in the Sydney street may have said, "I am not so keen on kings," but this was perhaps not what he meant in his heart. The revolt of the Australians has never been against monarchy, but against decadence and signs of decay. The Prince of Wales gave them a new light upon royalty, but he also gave many people in the South a new conception of the English "upper classes." They marvelled at the Prince's energy,

his reasonable interest in industry and, above all, his lack of snobbishness.

The Australians liked the Prince most of all for the way he behaved after his train was overturned when a carriage leapt from the rails. He had been to the west to see the orange and apple country, the sawmills and logging camps, and he was on his way back to Perth. The carriage in which he was travelling left the rails, and, before the engine-driver could stop the train, the two rear carriages had turned over, with their wheels in the air. The horror did not last very long, but the sensations of the officials, who hurried towards the royal carriage, are terrible to imagine. As they came near to the Prince's overturned carriage, members of his staff appeared, one by one, crawling out of the windows. Some were hurt and one had his shin badly cut. The Prince was the last to appear. He had stayed behind, he said, to gather his papers together. His talent for managing awkward moments was now in full flower. He thanked the officials for at last arranging something which was not on the official programme: then he went on to Perth by car. He arrived at the luncheon party which had been arranged for him, apologised for being late, and did not even mention the reason for the delay. Now he was Australia's friend.

The Prince came to South Australia. In some places, aborigines walked a hundred miles to see the royal train crossing the desert. The Prince drove under arches of fruit and vegetables: beds were carried from hospitals on to the pavements so that the patients could see him pass. He went to the wine country and then he crossed to Tasmania.

One of the most interesting experiences of the tour was in Queensland, where the Prince was the guest of a Labour Government. The tune did not change, and when he left Brisbane, "everybody waved something: if it were not a handkerchief, a flag or a hat, it was the nearest thing at hand." Mr. Everard Cotes, who was with the Prince, wrote: "I saw a vegetable hawker flourishing his biggest cabbage, a housewife excitedly using a tablecloth as a signal of affection, a company of railway

carriage cleaners throwing their dusters upon the wind." He went south once more, and when he came to the border between Queensland and New South Wales, the Prince travelled "over a carpet woven of yellow wattle flowers."

Then Australia gave him his reward. He was allowed to leave the crowds and noise and to rest in the country. His father had also rested in this way, when he went to Australia as a boy. The Prince crossed the Blue Mountains, and out in the sweet, sunny places beyond, he chased emus and kangaroos, and he rode over undulating hills. He went into Australian homesteads and he shared the food of the squatters he found there. He stayed on the Canoubar run, and, cured of tiredness and nervousness, which had overwhelmed him towards the end of his travelling, he became fit again. Australia gave him back his health and colour, and, as the squatter who rode with him on the last day said, he returned to Sydney "as fresh as a daisy."

The Prince steamed north-east, towards the tropics. First came Fiji, and then British Samoa, where the natives presented him with roasted pigs and island beer. The kaleidoscope kept on tumbling new shapes before his eyes. The sleepy and charming Samoans, so recently snatched from German rule, begged him to ask his father, the King, not to forget "this small branch of the great tree of the Empire." He climbed up the flank of Mount Vaea, upon which Robert Louis Stevenson is buried. From beside the grave he was able to look down upon the silver-blue expanse of the Pacific and the nearer white fringe of foam where the water broke upon the coast. He hurried down the mountain through the warm, tropical forest, and to the shore: the ship was waiting to carry him back to Europe.

The Prince crossed the Equator once more and returned to Honolulu—to the hot sands of Waikiki and the sophistication of American life. He went to Acapulco Harbour and then through the Panama Canal to Trinidad. The grey shape of the *Renown* steamed on from island to island, but the dreams became thin, for the Prince was coming nearer England.

The West Indians danced for him and they sang for him. British Guiana followed Trinidad, then came Grenada. As the Prince came nearer home his ancestral voices were heard in place of the new songs of the South. At Castries, he climbed to the fort over which the Duke of Kent had hoisted the British flag, one hundred and twenty years before. No figure could remind him of duty more than that of his great-great-grandfather, who loved parades, punctuality, clocks and efficiency.

Columbus had also sailed this way; and when the Prince came to Antigua, he was able to look out over the water on which Cromwell's ships had been attacked three hundred years before. Here, too, Nelson had refitted his ships before Trafalgar. Only the Bermudas lay between the Prince and England. The greeting in Bermuda was as picturesque as the landscape. The Prince drove around the island and he passed under an arch which had been specially made for him, from blocks of coral rock. Early in October he steamed over the last stretch of sea in his long journey; and on the 11th, Portsmouth assumed a thick fog and welcomed him home.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

LIFE IN ENGLAND: RETURNED SOLDIERS

Two years had passed during the Prince's journeys to Canada and the Antipodes: he returned to London, almost a stranger. His brothers were creating their own interests, and the friends he had made at Oxford and during the war were caught up in their own affairs. He was already paying the penalty of his unique position, for he was more like a colonial-coming home than an Englishman who had just returned from his travels. His interests and his viewpoint were wandering from the English path, and the gap between the Prince and his family was widening in consequence. He made his own way and his own friends, and, as he took up new interests, he became concerned with two problems which stirred his sympathy almost to the end. He devoted himself to Empire trade and to the care of the returned soldiers.

The Prince of Wales realised that there was a wide gap between British business men and the trade of the new countries: just as his father had told his contemporaries at the Guildhall, after his world tour, that the "old country" must "wake up", so the Prince was frank with his warning. "You have to go away from the old country and see it from a distance," he said. He told them of the Dominions "watching with intense anxiety" the ways by which England was facing her "grave social and economic problems." In every speech that he made, no matter for what cause, he hinted at the sleepiness of England and the need for livelier understanding of the Dominions. When he went to Oxford to "receive the highest honour the University can give", he recalled the "much shorter gown" he had worn when he was an undergraduate. But, when the polite exchange of phrases was over, he suddenly talked of "the Empire!" He continued for a few minutes, then paused: he said he was "apt to be long-winded" on the subject, which

had, through travels and experience, become an obsession.

By this time the Prince had become a good public speaker and he no longer used the halting phrases of his youth. The dons who had known him as an undergraduate were especially pleased. Even if he had not become "bookish," he had become interesting as a talker. He had a talent for crowding information and thought into a few short phrases; a talent for balancing ideas, humour and sense. In this he was helped by his thoroughness. Secretaries gathered facts for him, but it was always his own hand that gave the final form to what he wished to say. His address to the Royal National Lifeboat Association, running into almost four thousand words, can still be read with interest, for it is lively with information. The Prince did not show great imagination, nor did he employ lordly language in these early addresses. He revealed an average, practical mind, and he often made the boast, "We are a people of common sense." His speeches were impressive, even without imagination and fine words to commend them, for he always fired them with his own sincerity and lightened them with touches of simple humour and, most effective of all, his engaging smile.

As he went from one audience to another, the Prince's interests naturally grew. His royal gift of zeal and energy illuminated every occasion. He became more at ease with his little jokes, and more confident of his thought. He spoke at the farewell dinner to Mr. Davis, the departing American Ambassador, and he opened the new building of the Chamber of Horticulture. He spoke at Cambridge, where he made his listeners laugh as he began, in a quiet, plaintive voice: "I am an Oxford man."

Mr. Balfour had been the great scholar on this occasion, and he had addressed the Prince in faultless Latin. Some time later the Prince—no Latin scholar—had his revenge, when he was being installed as Chancellor of the University of Wales. On this occasion the Prince was able to address Mr. Balfour, who was also present, in Welsh, which he did not understand.

There was another problem which went deeper with the Prince than his interest in the trade and life of the Empire.



(Topical Press)

ing Edward VIII, with the Duke of York on his right and the Duke of
loucester on his left, walking to the Lying-in-State of King George V.
Behind them are the late Duke of Kent and the Earl of Harewood. (1936)

His natural anxiety made him turn, again and again, to the returned soldiers. To a nature appalled by suffering, the problem of restoring health, security and self-respect to the men who were broken by the war was so terrible that it made the Prince almost dramatically unhappy. Those who observed him have said that, lacking a focus for his natural affections, he developed what might be described as an obsession about those in want. He did not consider them in relation to other classes, which was necessary from the point of view of the State. He could not tread quietly or work cautiously, which was the true and helpful way with the poor. Sometimes, he helped causes less than he would otherwise have done, because of his exuberance and emotion. But he was unique in the way that he guided public thought from the dangers of mere veneration of the dead at the expense of the maimed and workless. In this, his practical sense guided him. When he spoke at the Mansion House he said: "In six days we are celebrating the second anniversary of Armistice Day, when the whole nation will pay a solemn tribute to the glorious dead. This tribute, however, must not end there. . . . Some 20,000 officers, 20,000 disabled and 250,000 fit men are seeking work. . . . It is up to us."

The Prince threw himself into the cause of the returned men, sometimes at the risk of his health and often at the expense of his brief pleasures. Once, when he was away hunting, he learned that the ex-Service men's exhibition at the Imperial Institute was languishing for want of support. Without a moment of hesitation he abandoned his hunting and hurried up to London. He went to the Imperial Institute and did not rest until he had made the exhibition into a success, through his patronage and encouragement. His feelings were simple and strong. "I want all ex-Service men throughout the Empire to look on me as a comrade," he said. The words were not empty, and, as long as he was Prince of Wales, he did not weaken in his promise.

The busy heir to the throne lived a second, rather secret life during the brief spells in London. He was not content to

dispense pity and help from his place near to the throne. He became like a young father to many suffering people, and he bestowed his kindness and sympathy from his own doorstep. One day when he was in France he had come upon a stretcher-bearer serving with the Canadians. The Prince had spoken to him as he passed—some little phrase of kindness which the man did not forget. Life had been harsh with the stretcher-bearer and the sudden smile and good word must have come at the moment when they were needed. The man was shot in the spine during the battle of the Somme and, for ten years, he lay on a bed in London; a living but motionless body in a framework of plaster. His great pride during these years was that the Prince of Wales had once spoken to him. When he knew that he was dying, the Prince became the focus for the man's tired brain, and he talked of little else but the scene in the trenches. The story reached York House: in the morning, when he was told, the Prince wrote a message upon his photograph, before he was even dressed, and sent it to the man, in time to please him before he died.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

KING GEORGE AS A FATHER

The Government did not forget the success of the Prince's visits to Canada, Australia and New Zealand, and it was suggested that he should be sent across the world once more, to attempt the conquest of India. The peril of these restless years increased as the story of the Prince unfolded. It seemed to lead on, with growing tempo, to the state of mind in which he signed his abdication in 1936. It is doubtful whether the Government was justified in making this fresh demand upon him, so soon after his return to England. Queen Mary had been the first to protest against these dangers, and, when the journey to India was proposed, she spoke once more. But Government policy and political usage could not wait upon the needs of a growing character. All the fixed principles upon which the Prince's nature might have grown were once more shaken. Even Queen Mary's infinite tact and wisdom could not survive these gaps of separation, when her son moved like a comet, beyond her control and beyond the kindly and wise influence which she exercised. For most British people the estrangement came suddenly, during the dark month of 1936, but, for Queen Mary, it began ten years before, when an eager and shortsighted Government exploited her son's charm and talents to the full during a time when he should have remained with his parents to prosper from their example. The theme bears reiteration, for it is like a mournful chorus in a Greek tragedy, warning us of the destruction with which the story ends.

The family love which might have sustained Prince Edward was constantly interrupted and confused by Government plans, and it must be an added reason for remorse when we realise what the loss of his mother's influence must have meant to him. At Osborne, Dartmouth and Oxford, Prince Edward had not strayed too far from this wise, personal care. One recalls

the refreshing scene at Oxford when Queen Mary went through her son's accounts with his servant. Simple domestic questions were not beyond her ken, and when she saw an item for one penny appearing in each day's accounts she asked what it was for. It was, the servant told her, "for His Royal Highness's morning apple."

The Prince of Wales showed more of his mother's qualities as he grew older; above all, her social conscience. Queen Mary had one strength in common with Queen Victoria: she never attracted people of inferior character about her. She never suffered the danger which besets so many royal persons, of falling prey to the soft voices of sycophants. One of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting once said of her: "It is not only that she attracts people of character. It is more than that. One could not be near to the King or Queen without *developing* character. Nobody could serve them without growing. They give the best that is in them, and, somehow, one finds oneself giving the best that is in oneself. The Queen *makes* character in those who are near her. It is a privilege to serve her and be near her. One realises, slowly, that only the best is good enough for her, and she inspires one to grow in capacity to give the best in return."

At a time when no Englishman had a great personal influence in the country—when Mr. Lloyd George's war service and brilliance were forgotten, when Mr. Winston Churchill was mistrusted in spite of his great talents, when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was already a platitudinarian and Mr. Baldwin seemed to be an honest shade—when we were so immersed in the second-rate that we had almost forgotten what a great man looked like—George V became necessary to our faith in British character. Some time afterwards an anonymous writer in an American magazine* described the "paradox" of "the small man" who "filled a great throne more completely than that throne has been filled in 250 years." The writer familiarly said: "George may not be criticised, for he is England." And

* *Fortune*, June, 1935. It has been said that the King read this article and preferred its frankness above any tribute that had been paid to him in print.

then: "George V is the most successful of modern British kings because he is the King for whom the British Constitution has been waiting from its earliest days." The writer assumed more liberties than his English contemporaries and he went on to discuss King George's life as a parent. He rightly decided that after the King was married, the "retired naval officer had become the stern Victorian father whose word was law. The exemplary commander of the *Thrush* had become the exemplary Victorian husband with a dislike for the unfamiliar, a routine as regular as the sun's and a rigid sense of duty. Children did not speak unless spoken to—and the parental voice was a voice which could be heard and obeyed even by an eldest son. . . ."

King George was an exacting parent. His self-discipline made it difficult for him to comprehend the shaken generation which matured through the war. He had deep respect for those who had been brave, and compassion for those who were maimed or in sorrow; but his own insistent standards did not permit him to estimate the psychological distress of the generation which returned to England, only to find that they no longer spoke the same language as the old. The Sovereign's influence therefore lay in his example rather than in sensitive understanding. His was a sublime, devotional character. His faith was not clogged with theology, neither did it condone weakness. It was the steady star of his example which was the chief strength of his influence over his sons. It was not always easy to live up to this example, but there was never any doubt as to the quality of the King's standards, or of the resolve with which he kept them.

One misfortune in sending the heir to the throne on so many expeditions lay in the separation from these two influences in his life. The new countries gained something through fuller comprehension of the English spirit, and the Prince learned much by information and through knowledge of the habits of the men he met. But the knowledge was gathered too quickly and in choking quantities, so that it had less opportunity of growing into real wisdom. The wonder of his

achievement as Prince of Wales is increased when we remember these circumstances. We still lack the perspective down which we might see him clearly and balance his success against his failure. But we are far enough away from the events of 1921 to realise what an enormous task was put upon him when he sailed for India; a task from which the most sophisticated diplomat might have shrunk in alarm.

In 1921 the Prince went to Brighton and dedicated a memorial to Indian soldiers who had been killed in the "fire and stress of Flanders." He spoke of the wounded Indians who had been brought to England: "India never forgets kindness and sympathy," he said, "and from this chateri a wave of goodwill will pass to India." Then he expressed his hope that the memorial, which was "instinct with compassion and mutual regard," should "strengthen the ties between India and our country."

Early in October the Prince went to India to test these ties of which he had spoken at Brighton some months before. He had crossed the Atlantic and the Pacific; he had gone by the ways of Columbus and Tasman and Cook. Now he went in the wake of Marco Polo and Clive. Canada and Australia and New Zealand had been new and shining countries, with no history of civilisation beyond what French and British people had given them. Now the Prince travelled over water and to lands with stories older than Christendom. He was to travel forty-one thousand miles, by ship, train, motor-car and elephant.

Gibraltar came first. More than a hundred years before, the Prince's great-great-grandfather had walked up the slopes of the Rock and had come upon a gipsy fortune-teller, who asked him to cross his palm with silver. She had told him that he would marry and that his daughter would become queen of a great country.

Moors and Spaniards, sailors, nuns and priests joined with the English in making the day in Gibraltar gay for the Prince of Wales. Their houses were covered with banners of red, white and blue . . . the sky between the narrow, bustling streets

was hidden by the flags they had stretched between their windows. They sang and cheered, until ten o'clock at night, when the *Renown* steamed into the Mediterranean. Hundreds of men stood upon the harbour walls, swinging red, white and blue lights upon the water's edge, giving the dark, lofty rock a hem of jewels.

The next stop was Malta, where the Prince walked towards the Palace to the sound of clapping instead of cheering. The widows of Maltese soldiers, wearing huge black hoods, smiled sadly at him. He opened the first Maltese Parliament and he went to the gymkhana, where he "had first to run in a sack for twenty yards, then ride one hundred yards on a bareback mule, then be carried fifty yards on a stretcher, mount a pony and ride fifty yards, be wheeled in a barrow another twenty yards and then be driven for a final one hundred yards in a native vehicle known as a *carosse*." He did not win the race, but his triumph with the Maltese was now complete. That he had opened Parliament did not matter very much after such a gallant performance. Their best memory of him was of a rather untidy figure being rushed along the ground in a wheelbarrow, pushed, a little uncertainly, by his cousin, Lord Louis Mountbatten.

H.M.S. *Renown* steamed into the mouth of the Canal at Port Said in the evening, just as the jumbled, noisy streets of the town were darkening. The Prince rode along the waterfront and then he returned to the *Renown* to entertain the great men of Egypt at dinner. The ship moved into the Canal at dawn. In some places the rusting barbed wire of the Turkish defences still lay in twisted heaps on the sand. The Egyptians came to the water's edge; little, black-dressed women with their babies in their arms, and their thin, sharp-eyed men, who shouted to the white Prince as he passed. Hundreds of soldiers in their smart khaki shorts, lined up on the edge of the Canal to cheer. The Prince came to Ismailia, where he had stayed during the war. The *Renown* moved on to Suez. She passed through the Red Sea, within sight of the gaunt, brown-gold peak of Sinai, piercing the hot sky, and on November 12 the

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

Prince went ashore at Aden. The gaunt, flowerless little town greeted him splendidly: over the wharf on which he landed was spread a banner asking him to "Tell daddy we are all happy under British rule." White men jostled brown men on the kerbstone. The exalted of Aden, wearing gold brocade, and carrying jewelled swords, came to swear their allegiance to him. The old Sultan of Lahej, heavy with his hundred years and almost blind, also came, dressed in rich purple. Another Arab wore green silk and his feet were dyed with henna. The Prince was leaving the Northern Hemisphere, and the extravagant colour of the East had begun.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

INDIA

The vultures and swallows of Egypt no longer flew over the ship. Porpoises gleamed in the undulations of warm, blue water as the Prince came nearer the most difficult and subtle task in all his travels. There was a stain upon the face of India's loyalty, for, as the Prince travelled on, Mahatma Gandhi was perfecting his plans to boycott him wherever he went. On November 17 the Prince stood before the Gateway of India. In front of him were the chief citizens of Bombay, certain of their own loyalty, but afraid of the menaces that waited for him in the hinterland. He wore a white uniform and the broad blue ribbon of the Star of India, as he walked towards the people over a crimson carpet. Beside him were the Indian Princes, shining with embroidery and jewels. The white men cheered and the brown men clapped their hands. The Prince's first words were a simple approach to the problems and dangers before him. "I want you to know me and I want to know you," he said. "I want to grasp your difficulties and to understand your aspirations... I feel some awe at the difficulty which I may experience in getting to know India."

The scene before the white gates of India was beautiful, secure and happy; but, in another part of Bombay, Gandhi was celebrating the day by a public burning of foreign clothes. He had spread posters over the city and he had told the people to stay within their houses and give the streets an air of gloom. But the Indians were human: their love of splendour and ordinary human curiosity, spoiled Gandhi's plan. "From the earliest dawn," wrote a journalist in the *Statesman*, "despite the thousands of placards displayed in every nook and corner of the city, appealing in the name of Mr. Gandhi for a boycott of the Prince's visit, people of every class and community began to flock towards their chosen points of vantage along the route... providing a fitting answer to the

appeals of the placards, contemptible in their discourtesy, vain in their effects."

The placards may have been contemptible, but they were powerful, and it was too much to expect that the Prince's charm and simplicity could work a miracle. But he was so unlike the officials of the British Raj: here was no striding, nor high-minded talk of Britain's responsibility towards the dark races. The Prince had said, "I want you to know me and I want to know you," and this naïve wish coloured almost every episode of his visit. The great event in Bombay was the military display, when twenty-five thousand people crowded into the stadium. The Prince did not add to the theme of militarism. He appeared in a light fawn suit. When the display ended, "the Prince's car moved slowly round the whole arena . . . he stood up in the car during the veritable triumphant progress, and his khaki topi never returned to his head until he passed out of the gates, and then the crowd poured forth once more to take a last glimpse and give a final cheer to the object of its ovations." The writer of this paragraph in the *Pioneer* added a personal note for his editor: "This is no exaggeration, it is the literal truth. The cheers were real cheers, and they came as heartily from the humble classes of Indians, from the clerks, as from the soldiers and sailors. . . ."

The love of display in people ruled by princes dies very slowly: the glamour of a great occasion was more delightful to the Indians than the cold light of Mahatma Gandhi's reason. On the last night of the Prince's stay in Bombay there was a scene so extraordinary that one is incredulous as one reads the account in Katherine Mayo's *Mother India*. The Prince's car began the three or four-mile drive from Government House to the railway station, unguarded "save for the pilot police car that went before." When it came to the city—

"a cordon of police lined the streets on both sides. And behind that cordon pressed the people—the common poor people of the countryside in their uncountable thousands,

pressed and pushed until, with the railway station yet half a mile away, the police line bent and broke beneath the strain.

"Instantly the crowd surged in, closing round the car, shouting, fighting each other to work nearer—nearer still. What would they do? What was their temper?

"... The police tried vainly to form again around the car. Moving at a crawl, quite unprotected now, through an almost solid mass of shouting humanity, it won through to the railway station at last."

Miss Mayo described the scene within the railway station—the royal train ready, the dignitaries waiting to make their formal farewells, and the Prince listening anxiously. He turned to his aide-de-camp and asked, "How much time left?"

"Three minutes, sir," he was told.

The Prince answered: "Then drop those barriers and let the people in."

The barriers went down, and, "like the sweep of a river in flood, the interminable multitudes rolled in and shouted and adored and laughed and wept, and, when the train started, ran alongside the royal carriage till they could run no more."

There is another, official document which records the effect of the Prince's stay in Bombay. During his tour a number of confidential reports were made by the Political Secretaries in the various centres, and these were afterwards forwarded to the Political Secretary to the Government of India. Their value is increased because they were not written for publication. Mr. A. F. Kindersley wrote, in June of 1922, when the first excitement had passed:

"In Bombay perhaps the principal political result of the visit has been indirectly to strengthen the traditional loyalty of the Parsee community.... The general effect has been that the great bulk of the Parsee community and all their responsible leaders have definitely recog-

nised that their interest as a community lies in opposition to the forces of disorder and of non-co-operation...."

After Bombay came Baroda, the first of the girdle of cities stretching from Bombay to Calcutta. The people of Baroda and their Gaekwar gilded themselves and all that they touched in honour of the Prince's visit. The elephants were painted with gold, the carriages were made of silver and the Prince was housed in the delicate white Laxmi Vilas Palace, with its fifty domes and towers. The bouquet which was given to him was sprinkled with attar of roses. The nobles who salaamed before him moved over a golden carpet; they wore apple-green, dappled with gold, and their robes were laden with jewels and orders. In the afternoon the Princes and the people moved, like fabulous butterflies, over the lawns and marble terraces and in and out of the six miniature theatres. In these were acrobats in pink tights, little parrots riding bicycles and firing guns, and nautch girls dancing and singing. There were fireworks at night and, next day, there was a cheetah hunt for black buck. The trained cheetahs were brought up in wooden carts, to which they were fastened with red and yellow cords.

The royal train travelled north towards Udaipur, the town of palaces, upon the shore of the lakes. Mr. Donald Maxwell described the scene in his book—the waters from which the lazy turtles came out in lazy companies to rest on marble steps, the trees with green parrots and glades with peacocks, and a boat with rowers in turbans of pale turquoise blue. The Prince crossed the lake. "Wall upon wall, gate upon gate, and palace upon palace was lit by little lamps with floating wicks." He was "carried up to the banqueting hall in a golden chair lighted by torchbearers."

The voice of Mahatma Gandhi did not sound as far as this. The tales of old India were still told among the palaces, and the aged Maharana of Udaipur, a gorgeous and frightening figure, still held his people with the old cords of power. No train came within three miles of his immense marble

palace, and Gandhi's name was not even whispered in the bazaars of Udaipur. The Maharana was too ill to walk out and greet the Prince, but, before the banquet he appeared for a moment, "a tall, straight figure in silver grey." He did not eat with his English guest, but he came to the banqueting hall afterwards and sat beside him. The princes and nobles of Udaipur watched them as they talked: the venerable Maharana, descendant of the sun, and the shy young Briton who was heir to half the world. The princes of Udaipur were pleased when they noted the deference with which the young man listened to his host. "I am sure Your Royal Highness's popularity will exercise a soothing and healing effect on the present situation in India," said the Maharana. "My pleasure knows no bounds.... The British Government has always entertained the greatest possible regard to maintain the dignity and privileges of my State." Then the Maharana told the Prince of the words inscribed on the coins of his State, "Dost-i-London," which mean "Friendship with London."

The Prince answered: "I am on the soil where the flower of chivalry sprang to life. In sight of the hall in which we are now banqueting lies the island where, in the days of the Mutiny, the Maharana of Udaipur kept a number of my fellow-countrymen in safety and preserved them from imminent death."

The scenes in Udaipur were heavy with beauty and they moved in slow dignity, but the lively young undergraduate of Magdalen lurked within the gracious traveller. Mr. Donald Maxwell allows us to escape from the splendour, in the story of a night when the Prince returned from shooting, very tired and asking for sleep. He went to his room, and orders were given that no noise should disturb him. "Imagine, therefore, the horror of the Prince's attendants to hear loud singing just outside his room. Equerries rushed hither and thither, but the seranader could not be located. Finally, it was discovered that the Prince himself, completely pleased with life in general and Udaipur in particular, was the bold performer."

The Prince crossed the desert, guarded by camel patrols.

There was danger behind the old beauty and, as the train moved on toward Bikaner, he was able to look out of the window of the carriage and see the sentries upon their camels, some two hundred yards apart, with their backs towards him. They did not turn to look at him as he passed by.

The glorious story of Udaipur was repeated in Bikaner: again the robes and the coaches were of glittering richness. But the Prince's conscience was not silenced by the splendour. When he was able to escape from the pageant, his enquiries were the old enquiries. "Are the returned soldiers being cared for?" He did not fail to comment upon a fault when he found one. Some of the veterans at Bikaner paraded without their medals. "Why?" he asked.

"They have not arrived yet," he was told.

There were reprimands, and telegrams, and the medals were delivered in Bikaner within a few days.

The Maharajah of Bharatpur took up the story of richness and colour. He rode to the polo ground in a silver carriage harnessed to eight elephants. At night, standing upon a new mountain which had been built for the occasion, the Prince watched the soldiers, the golden elephants, the camels, the scarlet infantry and the cavalry pass by.

The fabulous tale of the Native States ended and the Prince returned to British India. He crossed the Ganges and came to Lucknow, where Gandhi's malicious plans had once more to be reckoned with. Sir Harcourt Butler was too old in the tricks of government to be thwarted by the refusal of the Indian students to join in the University sports. He enrolled the Anglo-Indians, who shared the prizes and saved the day from disaster. But Gandhi had laid his plans far beyond the University. The Indian shops were shut and the gharri drivers refused to work. Even those Indians who were loyal to Britain had no way of travelling into Lucknow from the outlying country. British humour and sense eased the situation: army lorries paraded the city, bearing notices, "Come and see the Prince and have a free ride." The cumbersome vehicles were soon crowded, for the Indians did not relish being shut in

their darkened shops all day, alone with their frigid principles. The Prince went on smiling: his courage was tremendous. Most of the time he was travelling in danger and the guards surrounding him were necessary. In the columns of contemporary Indian newspapers one does not find stories of an anxious traveller, looking this way and that as he dealt with the hartals that Ghandhi had prepared for him. The stories are mostly of fun and pleasure when his days of duty were over.

Before the Prince left Lucknow, he presented new colours to the 3rd Battalion the Worcestershire Regiment. The regimental slow march which the band played for him had been composed by his great-great-grandmother, the Duchess of Kent.

Mr. Gandhi's greatest success was in Allahabad, where Lord Canning had read Queen Victoria's proclamation in 1858. It was a background against which the Prince might have appeared at his best. He was the first English Prince who had ever paused here, for Allahabad had been passed, by both his father and his grandfather. Only a few people came out to greet him and the shops were closed. Within the houses the discontented Indians obeyed Gandhi's orders and hid their faces. The few people who addressed the Prince apologised for the shut doors and the empty streets. But, as evening came, human curiosity conquered: many of the little doors opened and a few of the Indians shed their theories and went to the station to see the Prince leaving for Benares.

The city beside the Ganges was divided in its love. The Prince went out upon the river in the afternoon, past the temples and the hordes of pilgrims and, upon the Benares bank of the Ganges, he passed animated hordes whose cheers rang across the water. But many thousands of people closed their doors and shutters against the visitor. The leading agitators had been arrested before the Prince arrived. The Chief Secretary wrote:

"They had thrown down an open and flagrant chal-

lenge in defiance of Government and there was no option but to arrest them. . . . It is noteworthy that where the ringleaders were arrested before His Royal Highness' arrival—*i.e.*, in all provinces except Bombay and Madras there was no rioting. . . . The visit to Lucknow was an unqualified success except with regard to the attitude of the students. . . . In considering the effect of His Royal Highness' visit, allowance must be made for the political conditions of the time. Certain facts, however, stand out. First, wherever His Royal Highness spent more than a day, the non-co-operation movement broke down. Secondly, the countryside is eloquent of His Royal Highness' interest in and kindness to the pensioners and all those who suffered in the war, while men on leave tell the same story. Thirdly, all those who came in contact with His Royal Highness succumbed to the magnetism of his charm, and the fact that he had sufficiently mastered the language to be able to talk simply to the people has impressed itself on all. Fourthly, the remarkable energy of His Royal Highness in carrying through his programme, his punctuality, and his earnest desire to learn and to exchange views with all conditions of people gave great pleasure to, and excited the admiration of all concerned. The effect of his example will, it is hoped, remain long after the particular incidents of the tour have receded in point of time, and has already produced some diminution in the acerbity of the relations of those who before his visit were extremely hostile to each other."

From Benares the Prince went to shoot big game on the Nepal border, where no reporters disturbed him for seven days. He returned to his duties "bronzed and perfectly fit", and with several trophies, including a ten-foot king cobra which he had shot, on foot.

The struggle against Gandhi went on. At Patna the public vehicles were all laid up, so that Indians who wished to see the Prince had to tramp in from their country towns. The

officials who knew India well began to wonder more and more at the Prince's tact and good humour. Then came Calcutta, one of the most bitter tests during the illustrious journey. The loyal newspapers described the Prince's arrival as "a triumph without a discordant note." This was true, but there were many thousands of people who stayed in their houses, in obedience to Gandhi's order. The cries in the streets were mixed. "I saw him, I saw him," cried a little Indian girl, but her older neighbour called, "Gandhi-ki-Jai." The Chief Secretary to the Government of Bengal waited three months before he forwarded his report of the Prince's visit.

"The vernacular papers, both Hindu and Muhammadan," he wrote, "expressed the view that the reception accorded to H.R.H. fell far short of the standard set at similar royal visits. The visit in its detail received very meagre treatment in these papers.... It was, however, generally admitted by these papers that the crowds at the functions were increasingly Indian.... the visit must be regarded as very successful.... the enthusiasm towards His Royal Highness's person continued to grow throughout the visit.... Since His Royal Highness's departure there has been a marked improvement in the political situation."

The plans to boycott the Prince had simmered in Burma long before he arrived there, but, when the nine most ardent leaders had been spirited away to prison, the citizens of Rangoon put on their rich gold and fine linen and they smiled and sang as they wished. To quote the official report, "the people... poured into the streets. From that moment the visit was a political and social success." Ten weeks after the Prince had left Rangoon the Chief Secretary wrote that the "seditious movement" had not yet recovered "the prestige that it lost" during the visit.

The Burmese know the sweet pleasures of idleness. They laugh and they dress in gay colours; they smile at the morning

sun and they smile at it again when it sets. The Prince could not have stayed with these charming people without complete success. He went to the races, where thousands of Burmese girls peeped at him from beneath big, gay paper umbrellas. He went to Mandalay, where the people came in from the hills and gave him a Shan entertainment. Dragons, thirty feet long; birds, twice as tall as men, and fabulous bulls, elephants, tigers, peacocks and llamas, danced madly for him; an incredible Noah's Ark let loose in the fiery night, dancing to music from instruments so heavy that three men were needed to lift each one of them.

The Prince returned to Rangoon, and the Commissioner of Police reported that "the political atmosphere" had "never been quieter" since he arrived there. The Chief Secretary wrote to Sir John Wood, in London, "The visit was a splendid success; socially because it brought so many in close contact with their future Emperor, and politically because it showed decisively that Burma had not strayed far from the path of loyalty." One of the Divisional Commissioners wrote: "At Pyu all were greatly impressed by the Prince walking the whole length of the station platform to go and see the school children and the persons who were at a distance from the officials meeting the Prince, and who were not able therefore to see him at close quarters. But here too it was the personal element that came into play. The East likes personal government, and it was from the Prince's personality that sprang the effects I have tried to describe above."

The Prince had crossed India, from west to east: now he was to travel north, from Madras to Karachi. There are newspapers and reports from officials in which the scenes are described, but the identity of the Prince seems to be lost in the splendour. He saw, and did, too much: the demands made upon him were inhuman, but he did not complain. One of the few records there are of any personal comment is in Lord Rawlinson's *Life*. When the Prince saw Lord Rawlinson in Delhi, he confessed that he went to bed "dog-tired every night."

The Prince entered the harbour of Madras, of which his grandfather had laid the foundation stone in 1875. Mr. Gandhi incited impudent and foolish ways of demonstrating the anger of his followers. They did not emerge into the happy streets until the Prince's carriage had arrived at Government House. Then they tore down the palms and decorations and smashed flower pots in the road. They removed pictures of the Prince from a nearby theatre and stamped on them. Then they fired a cinema. But this was the end of their display of temper, for the Leinsters cleared the streets at the point of the bayonet, and armoured cars were placed at the corners. While these excitements were being brought under control, the majority of the people in Madras were greeting the Prince with generous delight. His willingness did not abate, and his courage wore down many of the demonstrations. He could not turn malcontents into loyalists, but at least he lessened their spite. At the races he walked down from the stand and strolled into the public enclosure. This was a daring thing to do, and the mass of people parted to make way for him. For a moment they could not believe that he was among them; then the air rang with cheers.

In Mysore the Prince and the Maharajah passed under an arch decorated with peacocks and doves, and they sat on gold thrones. When the Prince drove into the country, the farmers left their work in the fields and ran to the roadside to salaam and kneel in the dust as he passed. The Prince drove out to Karapur to shoot elephant, bison and tiger in the jungle. From a platform within a stockade, he saw twenty-eight wild elephant captured and herded, fighting, screaming, charging the beaters and tearing trees up by their roots. He moved on to Hyderabad, where the Nizam's subjects held their little babies in the air so that they might grow up with the blessing of having seen him. For one brief day Nagpur salaamed and clapped hands. Gandhi had tried to stir his hartal here, but, in the official report, we are told that "All the functions were most successful and not a single untoward incident marred the pleasure of the visit." At Indore the

Maharajah of Dhar had placed his eleven-year-old daughter astride a horse to lead the Light Horse past the saluting base. The Prince hung garlands about the necks of eighteen Princes, and then he left by the royal train to be the guest of the Begum of Bhopal.

This little old lady, living behind a veil, but making no mystery of her power and charm, came to the railway station to meet the Prince. One remembers the Begum in London, sitting in her hotel, looking a little incongruous in an English setting. In her own State she sat upon a silver throne and her head was heavy with diamonds. Painted elephants saluted her with uplifted trunks; their mahouts were dressed in gold. The Begum made her speech to the Prince in English, and she chose the day of his arrival to announce to her subjects "the formal concession . . . to participate in the moulding of its destinies." Then she said, "I will bring my imagination down from the giddy heights of politics to the pleasanter ground of the forests." She wished her guest good sport and pleasure during the three days he was to shoot in her jungles.

Bhopal's neighbour is Gwalior and here the Prince travelled to the palace at the head of a procession of jewelled elephants; the one upon which he rode was a hundred years old and, when it moved its colossal gold legs, a hundred silver bells tinkled on its crimson mantle. When the Maharajah appeared he wore a belt of pearls over a mauve robe, and when the great men of Gwalior came to the Prince, they brought him trays of precious stones. The people tore down the decorations after he had gone and kept them as talismans; they gazed at the chair on which he had sat and sought blessings by touching the earth upon which he had walked.

The greatest occasions of the tour were no doubt those of the welcome in Delhi, which the Prince entered "amidst a hurricane of cheers." A few days before, he had been to Agra, where the sign "No welcome to the Prince" was painted across the doors of the closed shops. Here Gandhi's white caps had succeeded, but they had little power in Delhi. There is a frank comment on the reception in Delhi in Lord Rawlinson's

journal. He viewed the visit to Calcutta as "a fiasco", but of Delhi he wrote:

"The Prince's visit has gone off splendidly, which . . . is a tremendous relief. He has worked very hard. . . . His winning smile and extraordinarily attractive manner won the hearts of all. He had another great success with a speech in Hindustani, which he learned by heart, to the 11th and 16th Rajputs, to whom he presented colours. The men were delighted and cheered him to the echo."

The adjectives of the journalists had become tired when the Prince arrived in Delhi. Here was the grandest scene of all—the Durbar—with the Viceroy, and fifty ruling princes beside the Prince of Wales, on the dais. One of the journalists described the scene as a "flashing effulgence".

The most dramatic occasion during the visit to Delhi came as the Prince was driving away, after laying the foundation stone of the Kitchener College. He reached a camp in which twenty-five thousand Untouchables were waiting to see him. Their spokesman walked towards him, humbly, and begged for the Prince's intervention on their behalf. The twenty-five thousand were amazed, and they cried with joy, when the Prince stood up before them. They were so used to contempt that they could not believe their eyes as they looked at him. The effect of this one gesture was extraordinary. In his notes upon the Prince's visit, the Chief Commissioner of Delhi wrote: "I am informed by non-official workers among these depressed classes that this recognition has had a most remarkable effect in stimulating their self-respect and in strengthening their determination to lift themselves out of the thraldom which custom and caste regulations have hitherto assigned to their lot."

The Prince moved on: he played polo, he went pig sticking, and when he came to Patiala, he danced. He was pleased to find that the Maharajah had not dressed up his programme with quite as much formality as his neighbours. He went on

to Jullunder, and then he faced the long, splendid programme at Lahore. Half a million people were packed into the streets to welcome him. On the surface, Lahore was gay and pleased, but Gandhi's attempts at a hartal were not easy to break. Three thousand troops guarded the way, three aircraft flew low over the city, five motor lorries, filled with armed infantry, three tanks, and three armoured cars were on the alert, to intimidate the Mahatma's followers. The precautions were necessary, and the vigilance of the troops was not relaxed for a second. A writer in the *Statesman* said that "Sentries, with fixed bayonets, constantly patrolled the edge of the footways behind the cordon of infantry, even during the passage of the royal barouche." Nowhere else, except in Bombay, was there "such a dense pack of humanity."

Once more the Prince's fearlessness won the day. When he went to the big native gathering, he rode slowly through a crowd of thousands of Punjabis and made "many of the pessimistic observers of his tour stare with amazement." He insisted upon the most simple appearance: even when he was greeted by Sirdars in gold coats, he wore ordinary riding kit. The twenty-thousand Indians who watched him were surprised: they did not understand that the heir to a throne could move among them so simply and with so little show. When King George visited them, in 1911, he had been urged to wear his robes and crown whenever possible. But the Prince must have been right in his decision, for, when he left Lahore in the evening, the platform was "a seething mass of excited and gesticulating humanity."

The Prince went north, to Jammu, nearer the frontier. He met the caravans which had come over the mountains—with shawls, carpets and silver—and he saw the Thibetan monks, who had left their monastery five months before, in donkey carts, to travel four hundred miles and dance for him. He turned west again and came to Peshawar. The frontier was tranquil then, but he was able to see the bare, harsh land, over which the ceaseless watch was kept. He was able to look out over the plains of Afghanistan; the earth of invasion and

war. Gandhi had caught the imagination of the townspeople, but he had failed with the tribesmen who came in from the hills. They found, when they arrived in Peshawar, that the malcontents had closed their shops, so they begged the Chief Commissioner to allow them to take the law into their own hands. They suggested that five thousand of them could easily reopen the shops, for all time, by removing their roofs. The gallant gesture was forbidden, but, when somebody interrupted the Prince's speech by crying "Gandhi-ki-Jai," the tribesmen were so incensed that the police who were protecting the Prince had to abandon him and guard Gandhi's followers from attack.

We find a calm record of the visit in the report of the Chief Commissioner, who wrote: "Effect of visit on trans-border population has been to rekindle personal interest in the Royal House. The gathering of the clans both in the Khyber and the Malakand was a spontaneous and striking demonstration of loyalty and goodwill. . . . Summing up, we must put the city hartal and the hooliganism on the debit side."

The Prince turned east again. His journey was almost ended. He accepted the salute of ten thousand troops at Rawalpindi; he went on to Dehra Dun, the hill station on which the Ghurkas are trained, and he went to Hardwar, where his hosts threw thousands of flowers into the air so that they rained upon him as he walked. He returned to the coast and, too weary to contemplate the extent of his own success, he boarded the *Renown* at Karachi and steamed south, towards Ceylon.

The chaos of India's political issues has no place in this part of the story. To keep the Prince of Wales as the central figure in our record, we must turn from the glory of the Indian princes, and the beauty of the welcome which they prepared for him: turn also from the rights and wrongs of British rule in India, and search into the effect upon the Prince himself. The reports of the Commissioners, written in the cool afterglow of the Prince's visit, provide the best answer to the challenge that Mahatma Gandhi had prepared for him.

The newspapers used grand phrases to describe the final result of the tour. The *Englishman* described the Prince as "the greatest ambassador of his time," and added that "he did more to establish the relations between the masses of India and the Crown on a solid basis of personal contact in four months than edicts could have done in a generation." If this is true, it was because of his good nature, and because of his democratic manner of approach. His easy address, which would have been impossible in a permanent official, or in a Viceroy, was engaging in such an illustrious visitor.

King Edward VII had referred to the British people as his *subjects*, and King George spoke of his *people*. The Prince, during these journeys, stepped down still further and usually addressed his *fellow-men*. This freedom of manner, which sometimes alarmed conventional governors, as much as it delighted the mass of people, soon brought him popularity. Men of a philosophic turn of mind might have commented on this; they might have said that popularity is a fleeting sensation and that it has nothing to do with respect and stable-ness. But it was not until the end of King Edward VIII's life in England that this truth showed itself. While King George slowly amassed a great bulwark of respect about him, because of his character, his son gathered the gayer rewards of popularity, which were to sustain him while he was heir to the throne, although they were not enough to support him when he became King.

It has been said that the Prince was sometimes deceived as to the value of his success; that he mistook the gay accident of popularity for calm esteem and that his self-confidence flourished accordingly. If this is true, he cannot be blamed, for the tumult in which he was forced to live was beyond human endurance.

There were no frowns for the Prince of Wales in Ceylon. He needed no guards as he stood in the burning sun to greet a thousand old soldiers, or as he walked at night, unperturbed, along streets that were rivers of light. He travelled to Kandy by train and, out of every hut, cooled beneath the palms,

there came smiling women and children. When he reached the mountain stronghold of the old Kandyan kings, he went into the temple where Buddha's tooth is guarded within seven gold caskets. Silent monks in saffron cassocks moved across the floor of the temple to receive him, and a priest took him into the tiny sanctuary, which is built into a cage of steel. The golden reliquary was opened. The priest lifted out a casket of gold. Within this was another casket, and within this a third, a fourth, a fifth and a sixth. In the last box, which burned with the little flames of jewels, was the sacred relic. The priest moved the oil lamp until its light shone down upon the lid. Then he opened it and the Prince saw the tooth of Buddha inside.

The *Renown* steamed on to Malaya where the friendly people tore blossoms from the trees and threw them at the Prince as he drove by. Then he sailed for Japan, where he drove from Yokohama to Tokio, between miles of eager people who forgot their inherent prejudice against cheering and greeted him with the noisy joy of a London crowd. Special theatres were built for him: at the Opera he sat with six Imperial Princesses, in a theatre so brilliant that even the Japanese nobles blinked before the splendour. Two thousand school children sang "God Save the King" for him in English, and the Japanese Government allowed an armed guard to come ashore from the *Renown* to take part in the unveiling of the Allied War Memorial.

Sir Percival Phillips records a scene at the garden-party, where the Prince met Admiral Togo, standing "apart from the other guests, a silent, shy little man in naval uniform, his eyes fixed meekly on the ground."

The Prince developed his adaptability into a unique talent. He could recall the spaces of Canada, the far-away friendliness of New Zealand and Australia, and the intricate problems of his journey through India. In Japan, there were no political problems—no anxieties to trouble Whitehall. The Japanese received him as a guest. He ate the princely food they offered him, with chopsticks; he watched

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fishing with cormorants at Gifu; and he travelled over the waters of the inland sea, while thousands of Japanese formed an animated shore line, waving little flags in the daytime and, at night, setting thousands of tiny lanterns afloat upon the lake, so that they drifted towards his boat "like coloured flowers."

He lived through a month of beauty, and when he returned to England in June, he had added still another conquest to his story. He had delayed many dangers in India, and he had shaken hands with the Japanese.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

SOUTH AFRICA

The Prince was not allowed to remain in England very long. There was a brief interlude of London life, but he was soon aboard a battle-cruiser—which he described as his “second home”—bound for South Africa and South America.

There was one splendid hour on the way to the Cape when the *Repulse* met the Atlantic fleet of thirty-eight vessels, coming home. The Prince steamed down the avenue of cruisers, battleships and flotillas: twenty-one guns saluted him, and a whaler came alongside for his letters. The fleet moved on towards the colder north and the Prince steamed on to the Gold Coast. He went ashore at Gambia, “whence baboon skins were carried off to Carthage by Hanno and his explorers,” twenty-five centuries before. The chiefs drew white gloves over their fingers before they dared touch his hand. At Sierra Leone the dark aristocrats were carried to him in hammocks, borne on the heads of their nimble little bearers; and savage men from the hinterland whipped themselves with snakes before him, until their arms and legs were bleeding. The pageant of strange countries and customs had begun once more: the speechmaking, the long hours of travelling, and the cruel demands upon the Prince’s temper and strength.

At Takoradi he left the sea and travelled by train into the gorgeous forest of “teak and camwood and ebony, tall rubber trees and mahogany giants.” When he slept at night, during his journey across Ashanti, the darkness was lively with the piercing alarms of the crickets. The Ashanti chiefs placed a cloth upon the ground for him and on it was embroidered the word “Okoasa”, which meant, “No more war.” The Prince turned towards the coast and at Accra he saw the *Repulse* again. She lay, grey and formidable, in the sea below the high town. A few fifteen-inch shells were fired into the water, so that the people of Accra could know

the amazing strength of British order. But the natives did not mind this show of power: they liked "King Piccin", as they called him, and at night, when he slept in Christianborg Castle, they dozed over their refreshments and recalled the unhappy days when their grandfathers were herded into the castle to be sold as slaves; and they gave thanks for the freedom they enjoyed under British protection.

Through a fortunate accident, the natives discovered that the Prince shared their sense of humour. When so many of them climbed a tree that it broke and scattered them on the ground, the natives laughed and the Prince laughed with them. From that moment their friendship was secure: all that they felt was written into an ode by the Gold Coast Court poet:

Best grätitudes to the King,
And to your mother, the Queen,
Grätitudes to House of Lords,
To Governor of Best sorts,
Who all good provided
That the Prince here guided.

He is the real Prince of Wales,
Born in the diamond Palace,
Dear son of King George the Fifth,
But he oft the palace leaves,
Wanders in dominions,
To know himself Nations.

The dusky loyalists were required to sing their ode to the melody of Sankey's "Jesu, Lover of my soul."

From the Gold Coast the Prince went to Nigeria for the great Durbar on the Kano Plain. Twenty thousand horsemen rode before him, mile upon mile, in the greatest display of horsemanship ever held in the world. There were chieftains, their calm, dark faces shaded beneath gay umbrellas, with dancers and jesters prancing at their heels. Their approach was heralded by trumpets twelve feet long. The horsemen, stretching from horizon to horizon, had come from the

farthest corners of the land to greet the heir to the British throne.

When the wild beauty of the Nigerian welcome was ended, the *Repulse* steamed south. After a few days at sea, the Prince stepped ashore at Capetown.

A stroke of good fortune had already sent the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice to South Africa. The new Governor-General had brought a refreshed conception of English life and ideas to the South African people. When Lord Athlone arrived there, with Princess Alice, many South Africans had come to look upon the appointment of a Governor-General as an expensive survival of old and threadbare customs. The sense of duty, the charm and the example of family life which Lord Athlone and Princess Alice gave to South Africa had already stimulated a new belief in English standards; when the Prince of Wales arrived at the Cape, in 1925, he benefitted from the friendliness which his cousins had inspired.

The Cape is a melting place of human races, and the chattering, jostling crowd which waited for the Prince in the streets was not single-minded with delight. There were critics as well as friends, climbing the boughs of trees to see him pass. He faced his duty with grim energy when he was required to shake hands with two thousand people, in one day. Some who travelled with him thought that his smile was less spontaneous than in Australia and New Zealand, as if he were conscious of the old hates and suspicions which still disturbed the serenity of daily life in South Africa. If he doubted his own powers, these doubts must have been quickly and pleasantly scattered when, during the first day, the Prince was kidnapped by the students from the University. They swept down upon him, at Government House, in a big voortrekker's wagon. The students were dressed in crazy clothes—some in lion skins and plumes. Behind the wagon, hundreds of girl and boy students formed a mad tail, holding each other and running in his wake, up the hill to the University. Once more the player of bagpipes in the cloisters of Magdalen

came to life. The Prince was surrounded by affection and young nonsense: the burden of the past three years had not withered his power to throw himself wholeheartedly into their fun.

The Prince met the old, serious leaders at dinner in the evening, and he had to talk with Dutchmen who had once fought against Britain. He had to listen to men who were inclined towards secession, and who had already woven the design for their own, separate South African flag. His speech won their applause. He did not speak grandly, nor with phrases cunningly written to catch their favour. "I come to you as the King's eldest son," he said, "as heir to a throne under which the members of that Commonwealth are free to develop each on its own lines but all to work together as one.... My travels have taught me this, that the throne is regarded as standing for a heritage of common ends and ideals." The sincerity, and the smile that went with these conventional words, warmed his audience. At the end he used a few phrases of Afrikaans. "I am very pleased to meet you to-night, and thank you again for your warm welcome." When the dinner was over the old Dutchmen gathered about him, and one, we are told, pressed his hand and said that it would be very nice if he could remain in Africa and be their first President.

The racial problems in South Africa cannot be compared with those of other Commonwealth countries. The protest of the Maoris was faint when the white men went to New Zealand; and when the windjammers of the 'forties sailed into the harbours of Australia, the aboriginies scattered like animals into the bush. The Indians of Canada were a harder race to conquer, but they soon allowed their brave arrows to rust in their quivers. Africa was the only country in which the natives were mighty in their fight against European civilisation. Their hordes had measured millions, and they still measured millions when the Prince of Wales went to see them in 1925.

In South Africa, the Prince's duty was different from that

in any other country in which he had travelled. He was certain of the welcome of the British colonist; but the Dutchman is a Dutchman still, nor have the Kaffirs and the Zulus been scratched very deep by the pin of British culture.

One town in the Cape Province soon showed how willing the Dutchmen were to accept the Prince's friendliness. The long white train drew into the station, two miles away from Oudtshoorn. A commando of Dutch farmers had ridden out to meet him; heavy, strong men, used to adversity. In the town, two miles away, twenty-five thousand people were waiting on the recreation ground, for the Prince and the commando. The horsemen had brought a spare stallion with them, and, when the Prince saw it, he rejected the car which had been sent for him and he rode into the town at the head of the astonished farmers. He arrived at Oudtshoorn at the gallop, with the commando in the dust cloud behind him.

When the Prince went to Stellenbosch, a young Dutchman stood up and said, "We cheered because we know a man when we see one. Our presence here is intended as a tribute to your manliness which the most persistent attempts of the whole world have not been able to spoil." It was, perhaps, the most frank and sympathetic tribute which had ever been paid to him in a public address.

The Prince of Wales had become sadly used to public speeches during his many journeys. They were a menace he had to endure. His manner in dealing with wordy mayors became more and more artful as he travelled on, and there were many occasions on which he gently imposed his own will. In one South African town, where he had to listen to a long speech, he rolled up his reply, handed it to the mayor, and told him he could read it when the ceremony was ended. (One recalls the story of his visit to the mayor of a town in Canada, where His Worship had mixed the pages of his speech. He read as far as, "Not only do we welcome Your Royal Highness as the representative of His Majesty the King, but we..." and there the Mayor paused—the next page was missing. The Prince knew the formula well by then and was

able to whisper, "we welcome you for *yourself*."')

The Prince's white train threaded its way through the fertile valleys of the Cape Province. He paused in towns beside the sea where he ate oysters and talked to fishermen; he turned inland and nodded to the drivers of the great wagons that passed him, drawn by teams of eighteen oxen. Little brown children came to the roadside and threw ferns and flowers on to the parched dust, so that his coach should run over them. When he came to the mountains he passed a place where his great-uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, had hunted elephant, almost sixty years before. Sometimes he paused to shake hands with soldiers who had fought in the Matabele War. In one place, two old men held their still older father in the air—a man who had passed his hundredth year—so that he could wave to the Prince as he went by.

As he travelled, the Prince gathered more and more information. While people cheered and smiled, he asked questions and made notes. He wished to know the costs of production and the methods of manufacturing. Like his mother, he seemed to have an inexhaustible appetite for facts, and an incredible memory.

Sometimes the white coach paused and the Prince stepped down and went out over the veld to shoot springbok and guinea fowl. The richness of the land through which he was passing was proved in arches of produce built across the roads. On the way to Port Elizabeth the train stopped while a group of eager Kaffir minstrels played and sang. The Prince knew one of the songs. Once more, the boy of Magdalen was awakened: he jumped down from the train and joined in, with his ukelele.

Port Elizabeth is the Melbourne of South Africa. Here are the descendants of the 1820 settlers to whom England is "home". Their welcome was glorious, particularly when the Prince went out to the crusaders' ground, upon which seven thousand white children and seven thousand brown children joined in singing his anthem. As they sang, silver aircraft pierced the clouds or dipped down to salute the son of "the



(Associated Press Photo.)

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor attend a Ball, in Paris.

great White King over the seas." Hordes of natives came over the hills, dressed in skins, and they called him

The beloved of the young children,
He who can be stern as the mountain,
Yet dances as the young wind.

He was wise in his replies to these dreamy phrases. When he spoke to ten thousand Bantus who danced before him at King William's Town, until the dust at their feet was muddy with their sweat, he said: "I would caution you against tendencies to mistrust those in authority, or to turn to those whose smooth promises have yet to be translated into performance. To fight these dangers you should learn to manage your own affairs."

Mr. Ralph Deakin, in his book, *Southward Ho!* gives many good pictures of the Prince's journey through Africa. In a sentence, one catches the scene of the luncheon in the Valley of Perpetual Spring, where "Baboons chattered among the aloes on the opposite bank and a few natives were silhouetted in all their blackness above the topmost crags." Then the scene with the chiefs in the Transkeian territory, where twenty thousand natives came with their shields, their elephant tusks and chests of stinkwood, assegais and corn, to place at his feet. The Prince had brought imposing silver-topped walking sticks as presents for the chiefs, and, when they advanced towards him, they were "trembling so violently with emotion that they could scarcely trust themselves in mounting the steps. Two of them had to be assisted across the dais." One old Basuto chieftain who knelt before him paused when he stood up. Then he came closer and stared deep into the Prince's eyes. The Prince accepted the startling examination without moving.

The tour of Cape Province ended and the Prince moved on. Even in the train, he seldom rested. His pen was busy, or he would sit at a window of the carriage, hour after hour, waving to the little clusters of natives who had gathered beside the shining rails to wait for him. He came to the

Free State Province: he sang hymns in the church at Jagersfontein, in Dutch as well as English. At Bloomfontein, a commando of two thousand horsemen came out to meet him. The Prince rode in beside the leader, who had fought as a rebel under de Wet, and on the way they talked in Afrikaans. The overflow of their conversation was heard by the horsemen behind them. "He is talking in Afrikaans," they whispered. The wonder was passed from one to the other of all the two thousand. If any of them had come unwillingly, their unwillingness died before the gesture he had made in learning a little of their language. On the borders of Natal and the Free State he was thanked for this thoughtfulness: an English child and a Dutch child were waiting for him on the frontier, holding a chain of flowers across the track as the train hurried on.

The most splendid meeting of the Basuto natives was on May 29, when more than one hundred thousand of them gathered into a great basin of earth. They came, still panting and sweating from the long, terrible journeys they had made from their kraals. Fifty thousand of them were mounted: the others were on foot. They crowded into the great valley, legions of them, pressing in towards the place where *he* was to appear. The outer fringe of the multitude watched from the rock hills; stiff, hefty dark figures, mounted on their horses. The Prince often disappointed the natives by wearing dull clothes. This time he dressed grandly: he approached them wearing the blue ribbon of the Garter, the symbol of Edward III's Order of Chivalry, across his scarlet tunic. A murmur of worshipful approval sounded in the hot valley. A hundred thousand dark heads craned forward to watch the old chief, the "one about to die," who spoke for them. "I rejoice," croaked the old voice, "as old Simeon of the Holy Scriptures rejoiced when he was privileged to set eyes upon the Lord Jesus."

The Prince's reply was gentle, but its note was of common sense. "To-day you live in peace and prosperity under British rule. The King continues to watch over you with fatherly

care. You will show yourselves worthy of his protection by listening to the words of the officers appointed to guide and instruct you. They will educate you to bring up your children, to make best use of your land, to free your cattle from disease and to restrict their number so as not to tire out the land."

From the Basutos the Prince went to a leper colony near by. He walked down among the withered victims and talked with them. Then to Durban, to be in time for the celebration of his father's birthday. It was here that Gandhi had first raised his voice in the cause of secession, but the twenty-three thousand Indians in Durban seemed, on this occasion, to forget what the Mahatma told them. The Natal Indian Congress had tried to create a hartal, but their efforts were niggardly and their success negligible. The mass of Indians ignored the agitators: they placed garlands about the Prince's neck, and when he offered to speak to them in Hindustani, they begged him, instead, to speak in English, because this was now their tongue. At Pietermaritzburg the Zulus shouted before him, "Thou whose loveliness surpasses the loveliness of butterflies . . . we bow down to our adorned ankles before thee in homage."

Then came Zululand, where the great dark men rode in to greet "the Lord of the Great Ones." A chief, who was a hundred years old, had ridden eighty miles on a donkey, to see the Prince. Legions of big, proud Zulus danced and yelled in front of him, their cow-hide shields waving in the air and the fountains of ostrich plumes on their heads moving wildly as they jumped upon the earth. "There is only one House," they shouted, "and that is the King's House." One young warrior stepped out from the vast company and danced alone. His body was decorated with feathers and beads. He danced like a great flame, a flame that leapt until it was subdued by its own strength and fell at the Prince's feet. Through all this primitive ecstasy the Prince moved quietly, advising the natives to educate themselves, to work and to bury their old, lazy dreams.

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The royal train passed from the coast to the Transvaal between miles of immense bonfires. Again the commandos rode out to meet the Prince; again the chiefs led their black followers up to salute him, as he passed on to the goldfields of the Transvaal.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE TRANSVAAL

Pretoria and Johannesburg are not more than thirty miles apart, but the thirty miles might be the Atlantic for the difference one finds in the people of the two cities. Johannesburg is the rich, noisy home of millionaires, surrounded by slums. In Pretoria there are touches of Cheltenham; there are old ladies who make needlework covers for their chairs, who read the *Cornhill* and smile over English jokes. In spite of this difference between Babylon, the city of gold, and Cheltenham, the town of culture, their voices were one in greeting the Prince of Wales when he came to them from the little towns and the open country, heralded by artillery and droning aircraft. Three hundred people, each more than sixty-five years old, lunched with him; thirteen thousand children sang to him, and twenty thousand natives performed their frenzied dance before him.

The most interesting hours during this part of his journey were those which the Prince spent with Mr. Hofmeyer, the Administrator. Mr. Hofmeyer's Dutch blood was cooled in an English university. He seemed to be free of old prejudices, unvain, humorous and simple. When he spoke to the Prince he said, "You have shown that you understand us; you have spoken to our people in their own tongue, thus giving recognition to their language. In doing so you have touched a cord in our hearts which will continue to vibrate. We recognise in you, sir, if I may say so, a certain kinship of character with our own people. Ours is a simple people, big-hearted and frank. . . . In you, sir, we recognise that the keynote of character is sincerity." The Prince replied in Afrikaans and next day he placed a wreath of white carnations on Kruger's grave. Then he went on to Johannesburg.

On his first night in the city the Prince climbed to the roof of the Rand Club, the powerful core of the gold-mining interests of the Transvaal. He saw rockets and fireworks—a

stream of dancing light, stretching for thirty miles along the lofty reef which gives the world half its gold. When it was almost twelve o'clock he was dancing with the young and fair of Johannesburg. Suddenly, the electric lights failed, and he was left to dance with his partner while the others hurried forward with candles. They made a way for him, moving with him so that he was always waltzing in a pool of candle light. As the clock struck twelve somebody near him said, "Many happy returns of the day," It was his thirty-first birthday.

Johannesburg was jubilant and kind. The Chamber of Commerce gave him a casket to which every mine of the Witwatersrand had contributed an ounce of gold. They brought him bars of gold, and silver boxes, travelling rugs of fox fur, lion skins, dogs, flowers and fruit. One old lady sent him a cheque for two thousand pounds and begged him to buy a horse for himself. He pleased everybody, especially the old man of one hundred and three years who brought his son, aged eighty-five, and apologised for the absence of his grandson who had been driven to his bed by the weakness of age. The Prince pleased them all more than ever when the mayor had said, "This hall has very bad acoustic properties." "Well, in that case," said the Prince, "why have any speeches?"

When Johannesburg was spent by its own pleasure, the Prince left for Rhodesia. The flowery streets of Bulawayo were roofed with flags and banners. The story was the old story lived again. Natives came out in thousands and cried, "Royal Bird, come out and let us see thee." His common sense was not shaken by this poesy. "The loyalty of the mouth is not equal to the loyalty of the spear," he said. He climbed the Matapos, the roof of the world, where Cecil Rhodes is buried. When he drove through the streets of Salisbury, half-hidden girls threw violets down upon him from high windows. But all was not merely picturesque and gay. The Prince spent long hours enquiring into the lives of the tobacco growers; and he heard the old Rhodesians thank him for the stimulus

that the Wembley Exhibition had given their trade. In the evening, after dinner at Government House, he invested Sir John Chancellor and others with honours from the King.

The Prince left Southern Rhodesia. At Livingstone he was entertained by a dance in the open air. As he was going into supper, he saw a squad of natives walk on to the dance floor, carrying mealie sacks and ropes. Each sack was weighed down by a black boy, and then the older men dragged them over the floor, to polish it for the dancers. The Prince formed the natives, their sacks and their black boys, into a line, and offered a prize if they would race round the dance floor. The Prince was starter and the Governor acted as judge. The natives whirled about madly, round and round the floor—so wildly that they crashed into the Governor and brought him to the ground.

When the dance was over the Prince went on the Zambesi in a long boat: next day he saw the Victoria Falls, after climbing to a high place from which he could see their full magnificence. Then he went up the river, beyond the thunder of the water. Crocodiles blinked at him, natives tapped drums in the forest; and in the afternoon, far up the Zambesi, he met the great Yeta, Chief of all the Barotse. Yeta had come three hundred miles downstream: during seven days his company of canoes had threaded their way through the jungles and rapids. Yeta travelled with great ceremony: his ambassadors came in a flotilla of dugouts, his retinue were about him in long, slim barges, each with a white awning under which sat the chiefs of the Barotse. Forty oarsmen, lively with coloured feathers, brough Yeta's barge in to the bank of the river. The Chief came ashore wearing a uniform of black and gold. The Prince greeted him with common-sense: he said, "The Governor has told me how you, Chief Yeta, and your counsellors recently agreed to give up one of your old customs, that of making your people work for the chiefs without payment. I am glad to hear it. You have adopted two of the great principles of civilisation—that a

man is free to give his labour where he will, and that the labourer is worthy of his hire."

The Prince reached Broken Hill, the northernmost place in his journey, and the last company of natives danced before him. Some of them had walked four hundred miles through the forest. His last meal at this northern point was an odd luxury to find in such a setting. More than forty miles from the nearest white man's house, with deep brown valleys and immense blue mountains rising and falling between him and the horizon, he sat before a meal of caviare, iced consommé, chicken, partridge, and strawberries. The luncheon was served in a pavilion of thatch, grass and flowers: the Prince ate nothing but an apple and a piece of toast.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

ST. HELENA, THE ARGENTINE AND CHILE

From the Cape of Good Hope the *Repulse* steamed north-west, towards St. Helena. The little island, of which one cannot think without recalling the exile of Napoleon, was proud and hospitable, but the Prince was allowed a respite from the usual speeches and busy hours. For an hour or so he was able to forget the present and contemplate the past. As a boy at Windsor he had spent many hours over his history books. When these were closed he was able to play in the park which held the story of a thousand years within its glades and shadows. He had been used to the sight of a tree which was grown from the willow beneath which Napoleon sat when he was at St. Helena.

The Prince went to the glen where Napoleon was buried; he planted an olive tree beside the empty grave and he drank from the stream beside which the exile used to sit on summer evenings. When he returned from his graceful pilgrimage he was shown the records of the island for the year 1821, and he read the brief sentence, "Saturday the 5th, died General Napoleon Buonaparte."

From St. Helena the *Repulse* changed her course south-west, and on August 4 she came to Montevideo. Uruguay gave the first sign of the depth of its pleasure when the President stepped forward and welcomed the Prince by extending both hands.

The first hours after the arrival were dignified and beautiful; and the Prince, wearing his scarlet tunic and his bearskin, set the fashion for grandeur and pomp. But pleasure soon conquered the day with a programme of receptions, dinners, dances and opera. This visit to South America was important to the Prince, for he was to make many secure and profitable friendships with South American leaders during the years that followed. The country offered him a fresh field for his

campaign for British trade and he planted the first good seed of his cause when he said to the President of Uruguay, "If we penetrate outward forms and appearances we find, in the essential trend of thought and policy, nothing inconsistent in the larger aims which animate the peoples of Uruguay and Great Britain."

When Montevideo had cheered itself hoarse, the Prince travelled to Buenos Aires, which is as beautiful as its name. The cry was the same in every country, even if it was in changing tongues. "Viva el Principe de Gales!" cried two million people in Buenos Aires. In place of the sober sincerity of the Dutchmen, who had ridden with him in South Africa, the Prince found careless, noisy, Latin enthusiasm. The black horses which drew his landau through the streets were harnessed in gold and, as he passed, he bowed beneath a rain of roses, daffodils and lilies. The country, that owed much of its security to British capital and enterprise overwhelmed its guest with kindness.

Once more the Prince showed that he had been a busy student: he surprised even those who were used to his versatility by introducing phrases of Spanish into his speeches. The note which he played upon persistently was of friendship between the Argentine and Britain: he talked of democracy and of "equal opportunity," but he avoided high-sounding phrases and moralising in favour of statistics and facts. Mr. Ralph Deakin wrote that the "Argentine treatment of the Prince of Wales stood quite alone." He described the arrival at the Naval Dockyard: "It was not the mere welcome of a single city; it was an extraordinary tribute that came spontaneously from the citizens and seamen of half a hundred different lands, including Germans, who were here in full force. It is doubtful, indeed, whether anybody has ever listened to such a volume of sound as they combined to make. It was a nerve-racking experience; one wanted to escape, yet wanted to stay and witness the almost barbaric effect of it all."

The Prince turned from the acclamations whenever he

could and he insisted on time for his journeys of enquiry. One day he went to a great freezing works and saw experts fell the animals at a single blow, without a sound. When he was driving back to Buenos Aires from the freezing plant, the Prince looked up and saw thousands of pigeons which had been released over him. Their wings had been dyed red, white and blue to celebrate his visit.

Buenos Aires almost killed the Prince with kindness, but there were simple scenes as well, wedged in between the pageants. One evening he was expected at a Toc H gathering, but he was late. While the members were waiting for him, they gathered about a pianoforte and sang songs. During the day somebody had told the Prince of an old Englishwoman, sick and bedridden, who was unhappy because she could not see him. He had gone to her on his way to the Toc H party and had stayed beside her bed for half an hour. When he arrived at the Toc H building, he entered alone and found himself at the end where the group of men were standing about the pianoforte. He joined them, unnoticed. One by one the singers turned, discovered the Prince, and fell away. The singing thus became fainter and fainter until the pianist turned and said, "Why the hell don't you sing?" He saw that he was alone with only the Prince leaning over his shoulder, trying to follow the music.

One of the most human incidents of the Prince's stay in Buenos Aires was when a young Anglo-Argentinian, named Sammy, was chosen to present the Prince with a rawhide whip on behalf of the members of Toc H. Sammy was the youngest member, and he had spent many days in preparing his speech. When the great hour came, he had to face a hall crowded with people, and the Prince, at the far end, upon a dais. Sammy was to walk the length of the hall and make his speech, but he could not move. He fumbled with his tie and his pockets and was dumb. The Prince saved the moment, gallantly: he walked down from the dais, advanced towards Sammy, and led him back to the end of the hall. "I can quite

understand," he whispered. "It is exactly how I used to feel when I had to make a speech."

Early in September the Prince crossed the Andes, into Chile. He might have taken advantage of the journey into the mountains to rest and read, but he rose in company with the sun each morning, to sit at the window of his carriage, forever searching the landscape, or asking questions. He might have pitied himself for the long months of duty that lay behind him, but his zeal seemed to grow stronger. Whenever the train paused he would jump into the snow, sometimes to tramp away from the track, sometimes to make snowballs which he threw at his equerries. If the engines were changed, he would run along the track and watch the men at their work. At Uspallata, twelve thousand feet above the ocean, he saw the big bronze figure of the Redeemer rising from the white slope of the mountain, as a signal of peace between the two republics. He passed on to the ancient town of Santiago and, as the welcome of the Argentine faded behind him, the welcome of Chile began. The grand moment during his stay in Santiago came when he laid the foundation-stone of the Canning monument, in front of the British Legation. One hundred years had passed since George Canning "raised his voice to tell a continent that its political and economic recovery was to be obtained . . . by consolidating the ideals of independence." There had been days of rain before the ceremony and, sitting in his room, the Prince had improved the hour by learning more Spanish. He spoke of Canning as "the Saviour of Chile," he recalled his achievement to the Chileans in their own tongue. His Spanish was now so good that he could talk to the officials with ease.

On September 12, the Prince was near Valparaiso. The outward journey was now ended and the noise of the great, free breakers of the Pacific induced him to sleep. Ralph Deakin wrote that the Prince's stay in Valparaiso was "as a sailor among sailors." He steamed out to the Chilean fleet, at anchor, and he boarded the *Latorre*, which had fought as a British ship at Jutland. The President of the Republic

chose the occasion for an imaginative and charming speech. He raised his glass towards the Prince and spoke of the "great honour and satisfaction" it was for the Chilean Navy to receive its guest on a vessel which had been built in an English shipyard and which had once flown "the flag of the British Empire." There were rocks of action behind these clouds of compliment: while the Prince was on board the *Latorre*, he talked of the plan, then afoot, to attach British officers to the Chilean Navy "to advise on matters of organisation, training, gunnery, submarines and aviation." Before the Prince left Chile the scheme was placed on the tables of the War Office in London.

On September 19 the royal train recrossed the Andes, through a terrible storm. Less than a month later the *Repulse* was back in British waters: the journey of thirty-five thousand miles was over and a new phase of the Prince's life was to begin.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

WORK AMONG THE POOR

The Prince ceased roaming the earth after he returned from South America, but, more than ever, he was almost a stranger to England. It was observed by those who travelled with him that there were occasional moods of contemplation, touching upon moroseness, when he was not facing a cheering crowd. The conventions of his father's Court were strange to him after years of freedom and hurry. It has been said that the Prince was so distressed on his way home to England that he wrote a letter to his father, asking for greater independence. The letter is believed to have travelled ahead of the *Repulse*, to warn King George of the changes which had come to his son. Rumour said that the Prince's wish for freedom, and for the right to choose his own staff was such that he wrote of his decision to renounce his rights and settle in one of the Dominions if he was not allowed to follow his own way. The tragedy of his isolation had already begun. His stubbornness was alleviated by his great charm, his sympathy, and his desire to do what was right. But he discounted his powers by turning from advice and, whenever possible, playing a lone hand. His scattered experience of men had not taught him the value of quiet conference, and his restlessness and superficial view of human nature still debarred him from realising the difference between popularity and respect.

Despite these private misfortunes, which were naturally hidden from the public view, the Prince learned to make a unique place for himself in the public life of England.

He had gone, with his good heart and his keen, enquiring mind, into the farthest corners of the earth, and his lively memory retained the scenes and the experiences through which he had passed. As London interests increased their hold on him, with pleasure and duty, hand in hand, he did not become a Little Englander and forget. The field of his interests

widened along every way. The Prince's diary of engagements shows that in one day in January of 1926, he received a deputation from the Society of Apothecaries, visited the Sargent Exhibition and received the Japanese Ambassador. Each of these duties called for informed conversation. In one morning, General Hertzog called on him to talk of South Africa, and the Maharajah of Burdwan came to talk of India. Soon afterwards, Mr. Coats sat with him for thirty minutes to talk about New Zealand. Within half an hour, on a morning in 1927, the Prince received the Portuguese Ambassador and the Bulgarian Minister. But his visitors were not all plenipotentiaries and representatives of foreign Courts. Men of business and artists also claimed his time. In one morning he received Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Mr. Henry Ford and Sir William Orpen. The Prince's manner became more assured as his thoughts matured, although he persisted in his nervousness and his dislike of advice.

When the great strike began, in May 1926, the Prince found what was to become the next focus for his deepest anxiety—the discontented unemployed. From this time he identified himself with the mass of the people in a way no monarch or heir to a throne had ever done: he became the prince of the people. In the years that followed the General Strike, the poor and the distressed learned to turn to him for encouragement: his cry on behalf of the unemployed was so persistent that he broke down every barrier and turned hard-bitten agitators like Mr. J. H. Thomas, and Mr. A. J. Cook—who had described himself as “a humble follower of Lenin”—into friends. The American newspapers, always willing to suspect the merit of princes, told of his growing friendliness with Labour leaders, and one of them admitted that “the age of miracles” had “not passed”.

The story had begun in 1923, when the Prince went to a provincial town where there was awful poverty and suffering. He was taken to a soup kitchen, and, standing back in the shadows, he watched the hungry men being fed. He was silent for some minutes. Before him were a hundred men

who lived in squalor he had never known before. The first time he spoke, in the surprised way he did when he was shocked, he pointed to a young man of perhaps twenty years and said, "That man has no shirt under his coat."

The Prince went from the dismal soup kitchen to a Toc H party, but his depression stayed with him. In the little adjoining room he walked up and down, pressing his hands together and saying, "What can I do? What can be done?" His social conscience was awakened and the most powerful theme of his early life had begun.

The Prince returned to London, and complained that sympathy was not enough. From this time, all his other interests took second place. He hammered on every door for help, and, as patron of the Lord Mayor's fund for distressed miners, he asked that he might be allowed to go to the mining areas, so that he could see for himself how the money was being used. The Prince had appealed for money for the miners on Christmas night: the story of the effect of this plea made over the wireless is best told in a speech which was made by Mr. Cook, who had led the strike in 1926. "You sir," said Mr. Cook, "have done a marvellous thing. Never was I so impressed as by your speech on Christmas night." The Labour leader who had once cried "Revolutions will come" and who had been described by Lord Snowden, as a "raving wrecker," went on, addressing the Prince: "I was with two Communist friends, and when your name was announced to speak on behalf of the Miners' Fund they undoubtedly scoffed. But they listened to what you had to say, and when you finished, with tears in their eyes, they put their hands in their pockets and gave what money they had on them to the fund."

In case one's English pride should lead one into a narrow view of the Prince's service in going to the mining areas, it might be well to turn to the columns of an American newspaper for an account of the strange pilgrimage of March, 1929. Mr. G. Patrick Thompson wrote in the *New York Tribune*:

"Curtis Bennett, a big man with a direct way about

him....went across to St. James's Palace and knocked on the dark polished door under the low arches. Behind that door are the quarters of Sir Godfrey Thomas.... private secretary to the Prince of Wales. Curtis Bennett and Godfrey Thomas had a talk. The result of that talk was that the Prince decided to go North and see conditions for himself. He would go informally, with Godfrey Thomas and Curtis Bennett. No receptions. No dinners with county magnates. No mayors' addresses of welcome. No organised plan. No equerry and no police escorts.

"This latter provision upset the chief constables of selected districts. They couldn't see how the Prince could get along without police protection, and one or two rather thought there ought to be troops around. Otherwise they would have to wash their hands of all responsibility.

"Off went the trio. They put up at a station hotel in a northern city. Curtis Bennett had the name of an elderly miner in the first village to be visited. The miner shook his head. He had a death in the house. His wife had died that morning, Curtis Bennett went back, despondent, to tell the Prince what had happened and to explain that he scarcely knew what to suggest next.

" 'I'd like to go in,' said the Prince quietly. He went in. The miner's daughter was inside, a nice girl, employed as a domestic servant in a good family. The Prince caught her arm and gave it a comforting little shake.

" 'I understand.'

"That broke the ice. It also emboldened the girl to ask, with the simplicity of a child of the people, 'Would you come up to see my mother, sir?'

"The Prince nodded. They went upstairs.

"It chanced that in the early afternoon, in another village, they came to a row of terrible little houses. They picked out one by chance and knocked. Could he come

in, the Prince asked the miner who opened the door. The man recognised him, but stood dubiously in the doorway. Then he said, 'Ay, ye can, sir. But my wife's sick, if ye understand.'

"The Prince didn't understand until he got inside. And then he did. In that dreadful little bare room the miner's wife lay in the pangs of childbirth. For a moment the Prince stood looking at that twitching figure under the rough bedding.

"'If ye wouldn't mind holding her hand just for a minute, she'd never forget it.' The Prince stepped up, put down his hand and the mother's sought it and clutched it."

The Prince tramped through the mud and cold for four days. His search into the life of the miners was penetrating. He looked at their pay sheets and he asked the cost of their food. As he passed from house to house, he was the object of a tribute which was unique in his life. The photographers and pressmen who usually gathered at his heels left him almost alone. They waited in the towns, nearby, to gather the facts for their stories; he had asked them not to follow him and they obeyed. It is said that not one of the miners in his long pilgrimage complained to him. They answered his questions, but they did not grumble.

When the fourth day ended the Prince's companions were very tired. They were motoring from Newcastle to Darlington, hungry and exhausted, and Sir Noel Curtis Bennett could contemplate nothing but the pleasures of sleep. On the outskirts of Darlington they came upon a cluster of tall chimneys. Fearing the worst, Sir Noel Curtis Bennett diverted the Prince's attention to the opposite landscape, but he failed. "What are those chimneys?" asked the Prince.

"They are part of the railway wagon works," he was told.

"Then we'll get out and see them," was the answer.

The Prince found a small boy who took him to the foreman. He asked the man many questions and then hurried

back to his car. Just as he left the factory, he told somebody to telephone to the Mayor of Darlington and ask him to be at the railway station. When the hurried talk with the mayor was over the Prince went to his own compartment. Sir Godfrey Thomas and Sir Noel Curtis Bennett at last fell back in their seats and attempted sleep. Ten minutes passed and the door of their compartment was opened. The Prince needed their help with a crossword puzzle. So they had to shake themselves out of their doze and wrestle with rivers in Brazil, Australian birds in three letters and obscure Greek gods. He left them when the puzzle was finished and they turned once more to their sleep. Again the door of the compartment was opened and the Prince reappeared, carrying his portable typewriter. He was writing a long letter to the Prime Minister and he wished to know the names of all the villages he had visited during the four days.

Seven months after the Prince's visit to the mining areas, Sir Noel Curtis Bennett went over the ground once more, and, in a letter* which he wrote on August 28, 1929, he said: "I was in Northumberland and Durham again last week, and it was very interesting to find that all these people put the improvement in the coal trade entirely down to the Prince's visit—and, indeed, nothing would or could persuade them otherwise. Also, almost all the public houses in the 'red' villages have now hung a picture of H.R.H."

* To the author.

CHAPTER TWENTY

LIFE IN ENGLAND: AVIATION

It is important that we should judge any man in relation to his generation and the circumstances of his time; that King Edward VIII should be viewed, always, against the background of the 1914-1918 war, and the extraordinary neurotic state in which people of his generation lived, when the war was over.

The Prince of Wales never regained the repose of mind of which he was robbed, during the war and in the years of his travels. His gift of sympathy, however, softened his thought and actions—and his will. During the years from 1927, to his father's Jubilee, in 1935, he became, through his compassion and kindness, more than Galahad, which he had been called. To the poor and anxious, he had in him something of the Good Samaritan, bringing gifts and kindness wherever he went. It will be difficult, in the future, for writers to realize how romantic and necessary the Prince became to Britons, all over the world, during the nine years before the death of King George V. The Prince must be appreciated as he was, before his father died, if his ultimate actions are also to be comprehended.

King George's calm sense of duty and his cult for orderliness still prevented him from understanding his son's perplexity. It was his sense of duty which urged him, perhaps too often, to criticise the Prince, sometimes quoting the opinions of other, older men—prelates and statesmen—in support of his arguments.

Chief of these was the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. C. G. Lang, one of King George's closest friends, who was to play such a leading part in the ultimate tragedy of 1936. King George was perhaps unaware of the care his own father had shown, lest his sons should be bewildered by too much advice. King Edward VII once complained that he had been "perhaps a little too much spoken to and at" and that he and

his brother "thought they could never do anything right," as they had been so much corrected by their parents. King George repeated Queen Victoria's error, with his sons, and his relationship with them suffered accordingly.

Frequent chastening made the Prince of Wales secretive, stubborn and more self-willed than ever. He came to look upon his father, the Archbishop, and some of the older Ministers, as a critical and unsympathetic company, designed to frustrate his natural eagerness. He therefore made his own life as he wished, in a circle of friends of which his father did not approve.

The Prince enjoyed his popularity and he allowed his self-confidence to prosper upon it. He often showed impatience with formality and liked to be hail-fellow-well-met with people, providing that he held the right to end the familiarity when he chose. It is said that he once allowed a golfer to call him by his Christian name. When the friend carelessly called him "David" before a crowd of people, he abandoned the game and, it is said, the friendship also. On another occasion he retired from a golf club because the officials remonstrated when he invited the professional into the club house for tea. These inconsistencies always had a foundation of good intention, but the foundation sometimes wavered, and his judgment of people was affected accordingly. He therefore satisfied himself with a succession of personal enthusiasms, rather than face the experience of deep-rooted friendship. These facts must be realised, not in criticism, but as indicating gaps in his kind, though uncertain, nature.

Kings are usually afraid to give their confidence to their friends. Queen Victoria said, when she was married, that it was a new thing for her "to *dare* to be unguarded in conversing with anybody." Perhaps this fear curbed the natural friendliness of the Prince of Wales and made it difficult for him to create the relationships which would have strengthened him.

The Prince had no great desire to read and he was restless with abstract conversation. He was in no sense "highbrow"

and he once said that he did not like Russian plays "where they spend three hours talking about life without bothering to live it." This comment was a key to his thoughts about all the arts. But if he met an author, he would become interested in his work. When he went to see Thomas Hardy, in Dorset, he returned to London and read one of his novels. When he met George Moore, he was so charmed by his talk that he read a book of his reminiscences. His approach to books was therefore more human than literary. It was natural that a man, who lived such a busy life, should have time-tables at his elbow, rather than thoughtful literature.

His travels prevented the Prince from becoming interested in inanimate objects, such as pictures, furniture and decoration, until he came to rest in York House. In later years, when he went to live at Fort Belvedere, the joys of possession stimulated his interest in his home, and he soon became house-proud.

Any development of taste in the Prince did not shake his conviction that art should be harnessed to the practical issues of life. When he spoke at the Royal Academy, in 1923, making an appeal for pictorial posters, he said: "I do not believe for one moment that industrialism and artistic development are necessarily antagonistic, and that because a man has keen business vision he is artistically blind. . . . A nation's art is the mirror of its inner mind; the quality of the one is the true reflection of the other."

In all the activities which he created, the Prince's tendency was towards the practical. He was already playing an active part in the management of the Duchy of Cornwall estates, and he showed himself to be a careful and even parsimonious master. His house was as modest as the London house of any well-to-do bachelor, for he disliked grandness and was apparently not pleased by lavish entertainment. His economies and experience in connection with Duchy of Cornwall affairs affected his policy in public speeches, and he was usually able to speak to business men in their own language. He never clung to airy notions, and he consoled the members of the

London Chamber of Commerce by saying, "Commercial education is essential in a commercial nation." He said also, "Commerce is no longer a haphazard affair, but calls for a cultured intellect and a great power of mental concentration." Two years afterwards he spoke at the British Industries Fair dinner at the Mansion House. "Time and trade wait for no man.... a trade opportunity missed is gone for ever," he said. He sponsored all the modern devices. "Films are a real aid to the development of imperial trade," he said in November of 1923, and, in the same year, he told a company of pressmen that "modern science, working hand in hand with modern journalism," had "put a girdle round the earth." He talked of the "science and art" of advertising, and of the "psychology of salesmanship". The Prince realised also that his own power was increased by what was written about him in the newspapers, and he admitted that he had come to look upon the Press as his "publicity agents."

By this time, the business men of the country had come to realise that their cause was the Prince's cause, and that he was their most illustrious champion. Commercial organisations clamoured for his help. He gave meaning to his motto, *Ich Dien*. Once, in a speech to a gathering of business men, he pressed both his hands upon the table, leaned over, and said, "I shall always pull my weight." The serious promise rings a little sadly now, but he was sincere when he made it. Freedom from humbug, frankness and energy, soon gave the Prince a position in British industry which had never belonged to another royalty in history.

The Prince was inconsistent in his treatment of sycophants, sometimes enjoying their manner and sometimes snubbing them. All kinds of men were admitted to York House to describe their schemes, but he was seldom deceived, if their plans were mixed with mere self-advancement. H. G. Wells once wrote, "Nowadays... the stuffing is knocked out of princes." Perhaps he saw only Europe and forgot the country at his feet. While many fierce changes shook the peace of Europe, almost more violently than the war that preceded

them, England turned more and more to its Royal Family for consolation and moral courage. British people learned also, as the years passed, to expect a certain kind of leadership from the heir to the throne. The Prince spoke for the young, and he urged the cause of the practical. H. G. Wells had made a wild pronouncement. Great minds do not always think alike, and it was possible to turn to another writer of the time—G. K. Chesterton—and read his announcement that "... the most popular institution left is the monarchy."

Foreigners sometimes smiled at the complacency of English life, and the newspapers of Europe often warned us that we were living upon a volcano. But the life of the stolid Briton went on. The events of one day, in 1934, help us to understand the difference between Britain's balanced life and the disasters that unsettled Europe. On one Saturday, early in December, the newspapers reported the revolution in Spain and a raid on the Italians across the Abyssinian border. Mussolini was alarmed over the state of the lira, the Hungarians were being expelled from Jugo-Slavia, and in Russia, Stalin's friend, Serge Kirov, had been assassinated.

England's news of the week was not melodramatic enough to deserve the front pages of its own newspapers. The first air mail had left for Australia and, among the one hundred thousand letters, was one for the King's son, the Duke of Gloucester, who was spending Christmas in New Zealand. Within a few days of this event, the Duke of Kent was married in Westminster Abbey. While monarchs and dictators in other countries walked, like Cromwell, with a coat of mail beneath their clothes, in fear of their lives, the King, the Queen and the Prince of Wales drove through the streets of London, at one with their people.

In November of 1928 King George suffered his great illness, and from this time the duties of his heir were increased and his pleasures were lessened. During the ten years since the end of the war, British people had learned to take their King for granted. It was part of his example of security and calm that he should always be with them: he became the symbol of the

continuity of English life. The sudden alarms at the time, when it was feared he might die, were therefore terrible. Seventy years before, the Prince Consort had lived in Buckingham Palace, slowly destroying himself with the flame of his own sense of duty. It had been said many times that King George was his grandfather's counterpart. He also remained at his desk while others rested: he also began his tasks in the early morning, when the London labourers were on their way to work. He was used to the sight of them, from the window of the room in which he sat before his papers. The fear which gripped the country can be comprehended only by those who lived through that dark winter, when rich and poor pressed against the railings of Buckingham Palace, all through the night, wondering if the heart of England would stop beating. The King emerged from the shadow and he lived long enough to complete twenty-five years of his reign. But, in the time left to him, his son had to accept greater responsibilities and to learn more of the arts of government.

The Prince of Wales was on safari in Tanganyika when he learned that the King was ill. During the first anxious days, while Londoners waited in the rain at the palace gates for the news bulletins, the Prince left his hunting camp and hurried towards the sea. He travelled in the *Enterprise*, at thirty knots, and, as he passed through the Red Sea, merchantmen of every nation sent him their messages of hope. The worst time had passed by the time that the Prince arrived in London and the King was half-conscious as his son tiptoed into the bedroom at Buckingham Palace. It was said that the King turned on his pillow and whispered, "Did you get a lion, David"

For some years, the Prince had enjoyed both hunting and point-to-point races. He had a mania, almost, for physical exercise, and he liked horses. Part of the sacrifice he made after the King's illness was to sell his stables and turn to less hazardous ways of using his energies.

Miss Sanders, in her book on the Prince, writes of "a very well-known rider to hounds" who said, "Having hunted all

my life I have naturally been following the Prince of Wales's fortune in the hunting-field with great interest. Many are the tales told in clubs of the fences he had jumped and his fearless riding." Then he went on to describe a special occasion: "The field was small—not more than sixty people—so there was every opportunity of observing the Prince. . . . I can vouch for it that the Prince rode about as straight a line as a man could take. . . . The hunting-field is one of the most democratic institutions in the world, and it is no wonder the Prince has made himself loved in it. He takes his place quietly, unostentatiously and on his merits. . . . When hounds run he takes his own line and requires no preferential treatment at gaps."

Riding had given the Prince a release from the duties of York House and it was not a light decision for him to forsake his pleasure. He had won his first point-to-point race in 1921. From then on he had appeared at many meetings, and there were occasions when the Government expressed private concern over his recklessness. Even the venerable Maharajah of Udaipur had protested to the Prince, in India: "I have seen in the English papers Your Royal Highness's pictures in different games of horsemanship. Sometimes I found them dangerous and risky. Hence I request Your Royal Highness not to take such risks in future, for the safety of exalted personages like Your Royal Highness is most important."

The Prince did not heed the Maharajah's picturesque appeal, in 1921. When he returned to England he still rode, often dangerously. But his sense of duty was strong and in 1928 he heeded the frightening warning of the King's illness and turned, perhaps sadly, to milder games such as squash rackets and golf. The same zest hurried him on. If he had to play golf, he would play it well. It was exercise, but not relaxation for him, and he learned the game as if it were a career. The Prince became Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, in the wake of his grandfather. King Edward VII had performed his duties by deputy—"Not so the Prince of Wales," wrote a correspondent in *Country Life*. He "gallantly

drove himself into office in the traditional manner, and later in the day played his medal round despite the too loyal crowds that surged out on to the links to see him do it." The journalist could not help adding that, "to drive off at a breakfastless hour, with a crowd of caddies waiting to field the ball, sometimes at insultingly close range, and with the prospect of a gun going off with a formidable bang immediately afterwards, is no mean test of early morning courage."

The Prince of Wales had always shown a special talent with the young. There was lively sympathy between him and the millions of children he had spoken to, in Britain and during his journeys. These children expected that, in time, they would become his devoted subjects: his photograph, in almost every school in the Empire, was the focus for their unique love and faith.

When the Prince was in Bombay, in 1921, he had said, "In my journeys about the Empire it has been my special desire to meet and mingle with the youth of each country. I want to understand what is passing in their minds, I want to know to what they are looking forward." He never seemed to talk down to children, nor to patronise them in his mind. A hundred sentimental and engaging scenes leap to recollection upon this theme; none more pleasant than the day in Canada when, after he had spoken to some children, the teacher said that she would give them a holiday. "Please don't grant it today," said the Prince, "for it's half gone. They want a whole day."

These touches of genius with children brought the Prince success wherever he went. In later years, when he disciplined this interest into educational schemes, he became a vital force in shaping the thoughts and lives of the rising generation. The Prince's sensitiveness and frankness were at their best in this younger world. When he spoke at the opening of a Barnardo school at Goldings, he pleaded for discipline, but not unkindly. He urged the advantages of education upon every possible occasion and expressed conventional views on the progress and training of the young. "Give us more and

more education," he said, to the teachers of nine foreign countries, who had gathered in London for a Vacation Course. Had he remained Sovereign, there is little doubt that he would have turned more and more to this problem. As he grew older, his interests naturally sorted themselves, but his devotion to youth never faltered. It was one of the saddest aspects of his abdication that the hundreds of promises he made to children had to be broken, and that the millions of young hearts he had captured with his charm were subjected to bitter disappointment.

When he was a boy at Windsor, the Prince of Wales had seen aircraft flying over the castle: when he was a little older, he saw model aeroplanes among his brothers' toys. But it was not until 1913 that he was reminded of their military importance, when he saw German aircraft drawn up on the snow at Stuttgart. He had talked with Count Zeppelin and he had flown over Thuringia. These brief views of aeroplanes tantalised him and he returned to England eager with questions. During the war, he flew several times, and those who saw him after his escapade over the Austrian lines said that he showed no signs of fear. One recalls that he was present at Mons on Armistice Day, when the aircraft flew back after firing the last shots of the war.

When the war ended, and when aircraft had proved themselves to be ships of peace as well as war, the Prince shared the excitement of his generation. A new world had been discovered; an aloof, different world of which soldiers and sailors had never dreamed. At the close of the war, the development of flying came as a blessing to the young. What the sea had meant to restless adolescents in the days of the windjammer, the air meant to their like in 1919. The Royal Air Force was created out of the material and experience of the war and, from the beginning, the Prince was identified with its growth. He wished to know about new designs and he had been seen reading aeronautical journals when he travelled in trains. He sought the companionship of pilots and he entertained them at his house. When Hinkler

flew the Atlantic, the Prince was one of the first hosts to receive him on his return to London. They dined together at York House, where the Prince had dined with Kitchener in 1914. Hinkler was coaxed out of his modesty and made to talk. Sir Harry Brittain reports, in his book, *By Air*, that "the Prince asked Hinkler to let him see his maps used on the flight; Hinkler blushed and stammered out the fact that he had not carried any maps at all."

Although King George VI became official royal patron of flying, and a qualified pilot, it was his elder brother who cared most for aviation. He was the only member of his family who became "air-minded". The time came when the Prince could restrain his enthusiasm no longer and he begged his father to allow him to fly, if only as a passenger. He used the impressive argument that he could save time and do more work. King George relented, unwillingly: he was not only apathetic about flying, but he actively disliked and distrusted aircraft; and it was always understood, when he appeared at a review or in a public place where they were in the air, that they should give the royal dais a wide berth.

The Prince therefore began his flying in an atmosphere of frustration. It was about this time that he was being forced to give up riding to hounds and in steeplechases. In 1924 there had been a protest in the House of Commons when a Member expressed "grave concern at the repeated risks run by the Heir to the Throne." A horse had recently fallen on him in an Army point-to-point and many people were anxious because of his rashness. Now that he contemplated flying, there was added anxiety. But he had his own way in the end, and, towards the close of 1927, he began to fly as a passenger. Early in 1928 Sir Hugh Trenchard chose a pilot—D. S. Don—to fly the Prince to his far-scattered public engagements. His real life in the air began at this time. He was given a pilot's flying log book upon which was written, *Name*, H.R.H. Prince of Wales; *Rank*, Group-Captain R.A.F.

Within the book were written the records of the many flights that followed. On April 27 he made a local flight over

Northolt for thirty minutes, and, next day, he kept his first public appointment by air. He was flown back from Scarborough, where he had been to meet Marshall Foch, in time to keep an engagement in London. On the way he flew over Sandringham House, and noted the fact in his diary. His reaction, after the first excitement of flying had passed, was not romantic: he liked the speed, the punctuality and the opportunity of avoiding crowds, but he was impatient on long journeys and would keep up a busy conversation with the pilot by telephone. In these early days he flew in an open Bristol Fighter. It was not for some time that he indulged in a closed and comfortable aircraft of his own. Squadron Leader Don was an enthusiast for his service. He explained the science of navigation to the Prince, and induced him to read his maps. On the ground, he explained the principles of aviation, and he analysed modern flying instruction. He flew the Prince over the Leicester hunting country, and he took him to Cornwall where he was able to inspect the Duchy estates from the air.

The speed and efficiency of flying suited the Prince: he would insist upon punctuality, to the point of ordering a cruising speed rather than arrive too early for an engagement. He became so delighted with the advantages of air travel that, in 1929, he changed over to a Wapiti aircraft with a Jupiter 6 engine, with a higher speed and longer range, for Continental tours. He was now able to fly over to Le Touquet for his golf, and to Scotland.

The time came when the Prince wished to pilot his own aircraft, but King George was adamant. His son was obliged to deceive him: he bought a de Havilland aircraft and registered it in Squadron Leader Don's name. But he ran a risk by having it painted in Household Brigade colours. However, he kept his secret: the Air Ministry had already murmured against the risks he ran as a passenger. No one supposed he would dare fly alone.

The Prince had made a friend of Squadron Leader Don, and they agreed on a plot. If the Squadron Leader took out

the rudder and stick in the front seat; if he had no controls and promised not to speak a word, then surely they could go up together and count the flight as a solo for the Prince. The plot was laid for Northolt, which the Prince knew well. One day, when the aerodrome was deserted, they took off, in the aircraft with which the Prince was familiar, and they flew to one thousand feet. It was a brilliant, silver-blue day and the Prince made three perfect landings. Squadron Leader Don kept his promise and did not speak while they were in the air. He hoped that now the Prince would be satisfied. The secret remained safe: neither the King, the Air Ministry, nor the eager newspaper reporters, ever heard of the escape.

But the Prince was not satisfied. He wished to fly absolutely alone and, with good-humoured threats of what he would do if Squadron Leader Don would not be his accomplice, a further plot was made. Again they went to Northolt, when the aerodrome was deserted. Only one mechanic stood by and he was sworn to secrecy. The Prince flew to eight hundred or a thousand feet, alone. He made one good landing: then he took off again. This time, the landing was not so good and Squadron Leader Don thankfully saw the end of his half-hour of anxiety. He has said that the Prince was like a schoolboy who has just won a race. All the shy delight with which he once started a merry-go-round beside a road in New Zealand came back again. "He was as excited as a Cranwell cadet after his first solo flight."

About this time, a newspaper coined the phrase "The Flying Prince." It became one of his new labels. He went by air to golf at Sandwich and to the Grand National at Aintree. When he went to Denmark in the summer of 1932, he travelled by an Imperial Airways machine. Sir Harry Brittain has described the scene of the arrival at Kastrup aerodrome when "tremendous scenes of enthusiasm greeted them." "Just as the sun was setting, a flight of twenty-seven aeroplanes appeared against the crimson sky. First came the giant air liner *Hercules*, carrying the Prince, with all her lights on. Behind her, in perfect formation, came sixteen



(Picture Post Library)

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor yachting in Italy. (1951)

machines of the Danish Air Force and eleven other planes. As the air liner came to ground she parted from the escort, which circled overhead. The Prince was greeted by the Danish Crown Prince and subsequently driven to the Palace." Sir Harry Brittain added: "In Denmark the Prince experienced flying in Danish naval seaplanes. While in Sweden he flew from Stockholm to Gefle and back in a Junkers flying-boat, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Sweden."

These adventures were good for the reputation of flying, at a time when it was still a novelty to all but the young. Sometimes, when the Prince was to visit some provincial corporation, he would announce his intention of arriving by air. Landing grounds were hastily made to receive him and the town concerned would then find itself on the air map of England.

One of the most interesting flights the Prince ever made was with his brother, the Duke of York—already a qualified pilot. This was at Croydon, where the Prince of Wales suddenly challenged his brother to fly him. They took off, much to the alarm of the ground staff, who realized that they were watching the two next heirs to the throne, in one aircraft, at the same time. Fortunately for both of them, news of their enterprise never reached the King.

The Prince was never fixed for long in his enthusiasms, and once he had satisfied his wish to fly solo his interest in flying became merely practical. But he used aircraft more and more: in one month, he flew on eighteen days. In 1931 he made his commercial tour of the Argentine by air, with Flight Lieutenant Fielden* as his pilot. He began his unhappy reign by flying from Sandringham to London so that he could interview his Ministers, and one of the most important duties of his short term as sovereign was the inspection of the stations of the Royal Air Force, by air.

His father, and the Cabinet, were alarmed by his air journeys, and the Air Ministry welcomed the transfer of responsibility to Flight Lieutenant Fielden, who assumed control

* Now Air Commodore Sir Edward Fielden, K.C.V.O., C.B., D.F.C., A.F.C., Captain of the Queen's Flight.

of the Prince's aviation in 1929. When he had wished to be a soldier during the war, the Prince had been similarly discouraged and frustrated, just as he had been disappointed by the interruption of his career as a sailor. When he wished to ride, his recklessness stirred protests in Parliament. Every time he expressed an enthusiasm, he was discouraged: there were always voices to remind him that his life was more precious than that of his neighbour.

In 1932, when these disappointments became unendurable, he showed signs of the moping and secretiveness, which so sadly tortured him at the end. He seldom referred to his frustration, but when he did, he spoke with extreme bitterness.

The closing episode of his flying experiences in England was also one of frustration. In December 1936, when the Prince was waiting at Fort Belvedere, to complete the formalities for his abdication, he said that he wished to fly to Europe, as quickly as possible, so that his presence in England would not embarrass his brother. But the weather for this sad end of his reign was menacing and the aircraft could not take off. So the King went into exile by sea.

Royal persons usually live in strange isolation from the rest of humanity. Their instincts, their training and their minds, work differently from those of their subjects. They are, as Tennyson said of Queen Victoria, "alone on that terrible height."

Because of this remoteness, princes often act as if there were but two classes in the world; their own, and the rest of humanity. Almost everyone respects this barrier of reserve; this distance that cannot be bridged, except by a breach of manners. Princes are therefore often poor judges of human nature: in their lonely state they sometimes welcome the jovial approach of a familiar who forgets that a prince and a person "are clean different things".

King George's long experience in the Navy had taught him to appreciate the differences in men, and Queen Mary, who

was brought up with no hint of her future eminence, was never bewildered in discriminating between the wheat and the chaff. For some sad reason, their eldest son was not equipped with this power to judge, and, early in his life, he was inclined to gather about him people with familiar manners, rather than those who hedged him in with loyalty and respect. He did not seem to know "the halfway house between jest and earnest," and, when his official duties were ended, he often sought his pleasure in society which was unsuited to an heir to the throne. It was as if his burden was so heavy that, when he needed relaxation, he ran to the extreme of gay and casual people, whose purposes in life were different from his own.

It is not possible for princes to lead double lives, if the second life interferes with the dignity and grace of their royal responsibilities. With all his free and easy social pleasures, King Edward VII had seldom neglected the duties of his high station. He worked while he worked, and played when he played, and, during his long term as Prince of Wales, he had never been accused of being casual over his duties. His grandson seemed unable to uphold this wise division in his life, perhaps because of the hustled state in which he lived; perhaps because of some sad fault in his judgment. While he travelled over the face of the world, on waves of compliment and praise; while the English newspapers coined fine names for him in their record of his dutifulness and his chivalry, there was, during 1932, a growing undercurrent of discontent. It left a shadow wherever he went. Everybody loved him, for it was his nature to attract devotion, even from those whom he hurt in passing. But his talent for making friends among superficial and unimportant people persisted and grew. This might be forgotten now, if it had not been the spring of a river which finally engulfed him.

It was easy at the time for newspapers to rejoice over the Prince's democratic habits and his popularity. But popularity was not enough. Even in America, where life is more free and allegedly less class-conscious, there was criticism of his

habits when he went there again in 1924. The signs on his arrival were of popularity, but not of respect. He received the reporters and was obliged to listen to their questions: "Have you learned to play poker?" "Are you engaged?" and "Are you going to marry an American?" Although he performed his duties, the stories which were hurried across the Atlantic were of his winnings at the races at Belmont Park and of his dancing until six o'clock in the morning. American newspapers did not appreciate the prevailing theme of frivolity. When the Prince decided to stay longer than planned, thus interfering with public thoughts over the Presidential Election, the *New York World* criticised him calmly but with decision:

"He managed, by his choice of friends and diversions, to provoke an exhibition of social climbing on the part of a few Americans which has added nothing to his prestige nor to the prestige of royalty in general. In fact, he managed to demonstrate to Americans, grown tolerant of the business of royalty, that it is, whatever his personal democracy may be, in fact a pyramid of snobbery.

"A good deal of hot fuel is added to the fires of the old-fashioned republican conviction that civilisation would survive if the King business were wound up."

On this second visit to America the Prince began to unravel the good reputation he had made when he went there after the war. American people were delighted because he learned to tap dance and to play the ukelele; because he was deliberately scornful of formality. But the delight was of a different kind from the first victory of five years before, when they were able to view his charm and his royal purpose as one.

From the time of the Prince's return to England, in 1924, the murmurs against him grew louder. They were always drowned, in the end, by the wealth of his public success. He was the hero of the masses and he had become the most celebrated figure in the world. But serious people watched

him with alarm. Tales of his casual social life leaked out and depressed those who were genuinely fond of him. Serious and conscientious men, who saw him day by day, hoped that his good gifts would guide him in the end, and that the taste for unsuitable people would pass as a phase. But the error went on, and when, in 1925, he returned from his tour of South America, stories of his exuberant night life travelled ahead of him. He lived in pitiless limelight from which there was no escape. That thousands of his contemporaries were equally restless did not matter to the gossips. More was expected of him than of any other man of his age, and the affection which most people felt for him became tinged with disappointment. There was one hint, in an English journal, that he might mend his ways. With care and understanding, the *Spectator* suggested that the Prince would "rightly interpret the wishes of the nation if he made it impossible for people to have any excuse for saying that he is unduly restless or that he exhausts himself in giving to amusements time which might be spent in preparation for work that is always and necessarily exacting and tiring."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

KING GEORGE'S JUBILEE. THE PRINCE'S FRIENDS.

During 1934, the year before King George V's Jubilee, the usual celebrations of loyalty were not enough for the British people. It was already apparent, from the mood of the country, that they were on the threshold of a great episode in their history—the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the crowning of one of the best-loved sovereigns in England's history.

When G. K. Chesterton broadcast in December, 1934, he spoke of the "vast buried inarticulate England" which was "deeply and dangerously discontented." But he added the phrase already quoted, "I should guess the most popular institution left is the monarchy."

There may have been deep and dangerous discontent, among a great mass of the people, but it was focussed on Whitehall, not upon the King.

Mr. Chesterton might have chosen a better adjective than *popular* in paying his tribute to the monarchy. King George was not loved because of any wild sentimentality in the public heart, but because, in Britain, and abroad, people realised the significance of the slow, steady flame of his character; they realised that neither the theories of scholars, the cynicism of twentieth-century prophets, nor the casual habits of the younger generation could obscure the simple fact that the King was a good man, a father to his people and an example to all who place character above cleverness, and deep-rooted worth above popularity. British people realised, during this year, that they belonged to the only considerable European power which was not governed by fear.

King George had never possessed popular gifts, nor had he ever been a grand king, if grandness lies in manner and outward show. One of the few men who saw his merit when he was young was his father. King Edward VII always said

that his son possessed character superior to his own, and he alone prophesied the strength of his reign. From the beginning, King George had been a humble man, and when the Empire placed its heart at his feet during this year, he was surprised. When he had been young he had not seemed to be a very interesting person, even to himself. Some months before the Jubilee a remarkable article on King George, already quoted in this book,* appeared in the American magazine *Fortune*. The writer described King George as "the most successful king in the last 250 years of English history." And then, "he prefers whisky and soda to vintage wines, musical comedy to more ambitious theatre, British boiled dinners and sweet puddings to more sophisticated food, Jules Verne and Captain Marryat to more arduous reading, and almost anything on earth to a picture gallery.... he lives by the clock like his father and his grandmother before him.... his greatest passion next to punctuality is radio.... his gramophone records are Gilbert and Sullivan or *La Bohème* and never jazz." Then one reads of the mottoes on the walls of the study at Sandringham, especially of the one, *Teach me to be obedient to the rules of the game*. The American writer made deductions from these simple pieces of evidence and said, "That a man of George's limitations—an almost Pickwickian personification of the average—should have made such a monarch is curious enough. But that such a man should have made such a monarch in such a time is all but incredible."

Perhaps the writer did not understand that the British standard of character is what he conceives to be "the average." In a country which knows neither the dark state of peasantry nor the rule of a rich and idle aristocracy, "the average" is the common standard. In a middle-class country, devoted to security, suspicious of the unusual and distrustful of intellectual theories, it was inevitable that King George should ultimately come to be looked upon as the father of his people.

Neighbours in Norfolk, who knew the King intimately, had always realised this fatherly aspect: to them, he was a

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squire rather than a Sovereign. A soldier from near Sandringham once said to a friend in the trenches—no doubt when the nip of November was in the air—"Gawd help you if you was a pheasant coming high over the covers at Sandringham when the *old gentleman* was out with the guns."

In 1935, the "old gentleman" came into his own. The wide and well-deserved popularity of the Prince of Wales was bright and transitory as a rocket compared with the emotions stirred by his father. "Bless the old man," cried somebody in the crowd at Leeds, as the King passed by. All the quiet laws of character were represented in him; all the laws which are mentioned shyly nowadays, or not at all. The old-fashioned virtues of sincerity, devotion to duty, fidelity to promises—all the king-becoming graces flowered in him and impressed themselves upon a troubled, cynical world. The impression made by King George in the closing year of his life must be described if one is to understand the eclipse which it brought to the popularity of the Prince of Wales. The Prince's own changed character was in part to blame for the rift which grew between him and his father's people. But there was another reason, and it lay in the fact that the post-war period was tired of the standards which it had invented for itself. When the British people realised that there was one man ruling a country who upheld the graces of "justice, verity, temperance, stableness, bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, devotion, patience, courage, fortitude," they thought him good to behold.

Two tributes to King George, at this time, from foreign newspapers prove how far the story of his achievement had travelled. The *New York Times* wrote of him: "The King has always shown himself a good friend of America. Feeling that the United States and Britain ought to co-operate for common ends and world purposes is perhaps stronger here to-day than at any time since the war. As the King is known to share this belief, it is not improper or immodest for America to claim a right to take part in his Jubilee."

A writer in *Le Jour* said: "He is loved as a father of his

people. Everything is dignity, honour, almost a patriarchal comprehension of life in the glass prison of his palace. He is a ruler who consults, questions and listens with prudence and discernment. This crowned bourgeois who has lived without pomp, fulfilling all his duties, must undoubtedly win over to the idea of parliamentary monarchy many of those who think that people, like families, cannot do without a father above political parties to bring them up and love them wisely according to the laws of God and men."

During the month before the Jubilee, King George was sublimely calm. His repose in agitated times had been revealed in the previous year when a Socialist member interrupted the King during his speech at the opening of Parliament. The intrusion was clumsy, and the House gasped before such impudence. There was one calm man; one voice, continuing. It was not until he was disrobing that the King made a comment: he muttered, in his gruff, abrupt way, "Apparently somebody else wanted to make a speech, too." His life was still in keeping with the motto which he had learned as a sailor, and which he so often repeated, "Keep your hair on." His habits did not change: he still appeared before his desk at the same hour each morning: he still opened his own letters, and telephoned his sister every day, as he had done for twenty years. Members of his Court have said that he was completely unaware of the rising tide of pleasure among his people; that he did not realise that window boxes in the poor parts of London were being planted with extra geraniums; that his humblest subjects were preparing to put out their flags, that schoolchildren were being taught to sing his praises; that all the kingdom was warming towards the great day, months before the day came.

When the idea of celebrating the King's Jubilee was first formed, neither the Court, nor the Government, anticipated more than a friendly gesture of thanksgiving from the people. The King himself expected nothing.

At the first meetings for those who were to arrange the celebrations, it was thought that a State drive to St. Paul's

and a thanksgiving service would be all. It was when every little village announced its own scheme for celebration; when every Dominion made plans for thanksgiving, that the authorities suddenly realised their small ideas were out of all proportion to the wishes of the people.

No Sovereign in our history ever received his tribute more clearly from the mass of his subjects. The wave of feeling did not go out from Buckingham Palace to them; it began in the remote villages, in the tenements, in the crofts of Scotland, the shanties on the edge of the Australian bush and the log cabins of northern Canada. It grew and it surged *towards* the King, and it was because of this, not because of his wish or the plan of his advisers, that the Jubilee became such a great occasion.

The King was at Windsor during the days before the Jubilee, unaware of what was happening beyond the Castle walls. He made the journey up to the city with an old friend, to whom he said, "I can't think what all the fuss is about." The friend made a nice reply: he said, "Sir, they have prepared a 'jolly' for you such as London has never seen before."

Next day, the King drove out from Buckingham Palace. The acclamation began as his carriage appeared: it went on all day, and reached its splendid height late at night when the curtains to the "famous balcony" were parted, for the last time, to allow him to step out and lift his weary hand in thanks to the people. All day, he had been cheered, and prayed for.

There had been the deep, softened thunder of the prayer in St. Paul's, the sunny drive through the city, the dancing in the streets when evening came. The noises of Cockney good cheer had penetrated into the most sedate retreats of the West End: no story of this gay invasion was more pleasing than that of the father who brought his son from the Mile End Road to Park Lane to see the decorations. A big painted portrait of King George caught the youngster's eye and he asked, "Who's that?" The father answered,

"That's the King, and if I ever 'ear you say a word against him I'll knock your bloody block off."

In the moment when the King's tired, friendly voice spoke over the radio, using the phrase *My very dear people*, his subjects turned to silence and awe.

But there was disappointment, even on this most splendid day. At the end, when the King appeared on the balcony on which Queen Victoria had appeared for her Diamond Jubilee, thirty-eight years before; when Queen Mary had extended her arms towards the huge tide of people below, a cry went up, "We want the Prince." But he was not there, to stand beside his father and mother. So the cry died, and the people sang *God Save the King*, over and over, until their Sovereign withdrew into his Palace.

Despite the tumult and affection which King George enjoyed during the last year of his life, private grief made him an unhappy and disappointed man. He had seen his people coming nearer him in comprehension, but, in grim contrast, he had seen his eldest son retreating into a wilderness in which he could be of no help.

Before approaching the end of King Edward's story, this theme of his isolation must be revived, in extenuation. He was without friends, because he had lost, or never seemed to have, the capacity for making solid friendships. He was therefore thrown back on a succession of amusing acquaintances who neither strengthened his character nor elevated his spirit. This lack of friends was sadly felt when he came to the throne in 1936. Both his grandfather and his father had succeeded with a circle of tried companions from whom they had been able to form their Courts. King Edward VIII had no such company, when his turn came, and even his old staff had been almost depleted. Long before King George's Jubilee, his son began to pay the supreme price for the errors in his training, the hurrying from one place to another, the ever-changing procession of faces and the loss of home life, during the years when his special character needed this influence so much.

The Prince became a law unto himself: he was uncertain of values in living, confused over the strength and weakness of human nature, and bitterly resentful of all interference and even affectionate advice. He built up the usual defences of a lonely man who is not certain of his own strength. He became increasingly stubborn and conceited over his popularity. Every incident of fifteen years of his life had contributed to the weakness of self-centredness, and his fantastic vanity over his own capacity was a matter for disappointment rather than blame. His natural graces, his charm, his kindliness, the serious and compassionate note which used to come to his voice when he spoke to suffering people, and the promises he had made to the children of his father's realm, all seemed to turn sour within him.

Some people have said that if King George had died two years earlier, his son would have come to the throne prepared to make the sacrifices asked of him. Perhaps it is true that his apprenticeship had gone on too long and that his weaknesses had become stereotyped.

One of the first signs of the change in the Prince's character was in his treatment of servants. Kindness and consideration for those who serve them have always been characteristics of members of the Royal Family. Like many old ladies of her day, indulgence for servants became an obsession with Queen Victoria and she was always willing to blame a lady or gentleman for a fault, rather than one of the staff. One day, at Windsor, a drunken servant fell down some steps, while carrying a lighted lamp. When the report of his mishap was placed before the Queen, she wrote her comment in the margin, "Poor man." King Edward VII was less extravagant in his indulgence, but his consideration for servants was a legend. As he walked from his mother's death bed, at Osborne, he paused to thank the servants who had attended her in her last hours. King George and Queen Mary always ruled their great houses with consideration for the least of their servants; indeed, this might be described as one of the strongest bonds which held their household together. From

childhood, King Edward VIII had shown similar goodness of heart in dealing with those who served him. One of the strongest themes in his early story is of his anxiety lest people should be discomforted through his presence. In 1928, when he travelled in an ordinary passenger steamer, the directors juggled with the cabins so that he was able to occupy a suite of rooms. He wrote, from the ship, to the chairman of directors: "If I can make any criticism it is that you've been over-generous as regards cabin accommodation which may have caused some inconvenience to the other passengers. . . . I mention it only because of my great desire when travelling unofficially not to take advantage of privileges and special arrangements that may be made to the discomfort of others."

The Prince was similarly thoughtful with those who served him in his private life. One recalls his anxiety when he travelled to Germany with Herr Fiedler, his German tutor. Herr Fiedler was an older man and nothing would induce the Prince to sleep in the more comfortable bed which had been prepared for him. When some future historian comes to reckon the Prince's virtues and his faults, this gentleness and consideration must emerge as the noblest aspect of his early life. It was terrible, therefore, to find this instinct withering, so that he broke down the affection of his household by his lack of consideration. His entire nature seemed to change, not in the great field of which tragedies are made, but with a pettiness which had always been foreign to his heart.

The Prince's troubled spirit found its focus some time before his father's Jubilee, when he was introduced to the American lady, Mrs. Ernest Simpson, married to a business man who had made his home in England. Up to this time the Prince had never seemed to find fulfilment in the people who had engaged his affection. The bond that holds people in love is their own, and neither prose nor poetry can define it. The Prince found that his American friend, already happily married, gave him the contentment which he had never known before. Her history is important, for its contribution to the moral indignation which was part of England's protest

against her ultimate marriage, to the sovereign, after he had abdicated. She had been born in Baltimore and had been married, when she was twenty, to a lieutenant in the United States Navy. She obtained a divorce from her first husband in 1925 on the grounds of incompatibility, which is accepted in America as sufficient reason for closing the contract of marriage. They had been husband and wife for eight years. Two years afterwards, she met a shipbroker, Mr. Ernest Simpson, and some time afterwards, when the marriage which then engaged him was ended, they were married in London. This union continued, and Mrs. Simpson's talents eventually brought her into the society in which she met the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Simpson always appeared in public with her husband, and there was no indication of want of happiness in their relationship. The friendship between the Prince and Mrs. Simpson nevertheless developed and, during August of 1934, he met her at Biarritz, and afterwards upon the Duke of Westminster's yacht at Cannes. Later in the year they met again at Kitzbühel, the charming little Austrian village which was made famous through the Prince's patronage. When Mr. Simpson was not present, an aunt of Mrs. Simpson was usually in attendance. M. C. A. Lyon wrote of Mrs. Simpson in the *Daily Express* at the time of King Edward's abdication:

"What was it that appealed to the King? . . . What, in short, charmed him? Mrs. Simpson, first, is a good hostess. She prefers the drawing-room to the night club. . . . She ranks among the few hostesses in London, perhaps fewer than a dozen, who have a real and deserved reputation for good cooking.

"What of her personal appearance?

"When her face is in repose few people would consider it a particularly beautiful face. But it has character, and its most notable feature is the fine high forehead. . . . Her hands are competent and strong, but her fingers are short and usually she wears no rings. . . . She is exceedingly tidy, and has probably never been seen by anyone

looking otherwise than that.... Her voice is American with a strong Baltimore accent. It would never pass as an English voice. She is good-tempered and with a sense of justice, but can be determined, not to say pig-headed, on occasions. She has the American woman's tendency to reform men in small ways."

Royal behaviour is particularly subject to gossip, and the friendship between the Prince and Mrs. Simpson soon became the talk of the scandal-loving section of society. Neither the mass of people, nor the newspapers, took up the story, and for many months only a few people knew of the Prince's infatuation. It was an instance when English journalism showed at its best, voluntarily keeping a barrier of silence between the Prince's private life and their readers.

The Prince of Wales was already drawing his own society about him at Fort Belvedere. This small country house, on the fringe of the Great Park at Windsor, had become his favourite retreat. The garden, the arrangements of the house, and the society which moved in it, were all his own creation. Gardening had caught his transient fancy and had held it for a long time: it seemed that he found much happiness and release from his duties while he was at Fort Belvedere. It was in this setting, free of royal pretensions, that the Prince entertained Mr. and Mrs. Simpson for week-ends, up to the time of King George's death.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

DEATH OF KING GEORGE V

King George V died, as he had lived, with his mind upon his duty. There was no drama in his going; he died slowly, on a crisp, January morning. His last duty had been performed during the day; a scene which the Archbishop of Canterbury described later, in the House of Lords. "He was propped up in his chair, looking so grave and thin." The Order constituting the Council of State was placed before him. "He gave, in his old clear tone the command, 'Approved.' Then he made deliberate and repeated efforts, that were most pathetic, to sign this last State paper, with his own hand.

"Then, when the effort was too great, he turned with a kindly and kingly smile to his Council. It was a scene that those of us who beheld it will never forget.... in his last conscious hours his thoughts were for the claims of duty."

In the seven months of life since the Jubilee, King George had enjoyed a new kind of happiness. His son's friendship with Mrs. Simpson was a perpetual grief to him, and the Prince's presence in his father's house brought little peace. But the unexpected devotion which had been shown the King during the Jubilee seemed to be a compensation: it had seemed to unlock a new door in him and release a wistful gaiety which showed itself in simple ways. He had never cared much for the theatre, but he went, several times, and one day, he proposed himself for a *matinée*.

Queen Mary was associated with the King in this devotion inspired by the Jubilee. She was described in an American journal as "one of the few altogether admirable figures of our time." This was the closing theme of their story together. They shared distress and disappointment over their son, but they were consoled in knowing that their married life together had taught a lesson to the world—a lesson that spread to the farthest edges of civilisation. People turned

from the exciting figure of the Prince of Wales, especially when the story of his unfortunate attachment was told in the American newspapers. The English Press was still silent, but enough alarming stories from New York journals found their way into England for the secret to assume the proportions of a scandal. This was the only menace to King George's peace during his last days at Sandringham.

It seemed that all the world was grieved by the news of King George's death. The sorrow swept over lands in which his Jubilee had been celebrated, only seven months ago. Thirty-five years before, when Queen Victoria died, people had thought it proof of the width of her Empire when a chief in Zululand said, "Then I shall see another star in the sky." The limit of reverence for King George was not territorial. The Speaker of the House of Delegates in Virginia spoke of him as *The King*, as if he belonged to the Americans also. Jews prayed for his rest before the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem: when the news of his death was received by wireless in an Imperial Airways aircraft, flying at six thousand feet between Calcutta and Akyab, the machine dipped in salute and then flew on.

So the new Sovereign came to his great opportunity: the long, exacting apprenticeship, the long frustration and striving were over. The mass of people were ignorant of his growing tragedy and they looked to him to fulfil the many promises he had made. On the morning of his father's death, King Edward VIII flew from Sandringham to London, with the Duke of York, to see the Prime Minister. No king in the history of the world had ever flown thus into his capital, to announce his accession.

Two days later, on January 23, King Edward followed his father's coffin from Sandringham to Westminster Hall for the Lying in State. A sunny morning followed a cold night, and the lawns of Sandringham were sparkling with frost. The coffin was carried between the banks of rhododendrons to Wolferton station, whence it was taken to London. At ten o'clock, King Edward and his brothers ended a walk of

five miles—a slow, agonising march, during which thousands of people watched the new Sovereign's unhappy face, which was grey, and drawn by emotion and anxiety. The pity of the people changed to marvelling over his fortitude. Wherever he walked, in the days that followed, and when he stood in the shadows of Westminster Hall, near his father's coffin, his face was pale and grimly set. A reporter who saw him in Westminster Hall, where the twelve great candles threw their light on the catafalque and up into the intricacy of the carved beams, wrote of the glow upon his face as he stood there, of it being "so changed with grief that one turned one's eyes away from it." His hair gleamed "with the familiar boyish fairness," but his features were "drawn and set." "It was the look of a man who in the midst of personal grief has taken the strain of a new and tremendous responsibility on his shoulders. His pale face looked in that moment as though he could never smile again."

King Edward's grief must have been bitterly mixed with personal conflict, during the mournful days before King George was buried. He apparently suffered no self-reproach in staying away from his mother, at Fort Belvedere, in the hours when his place was beside her. The mischievous friendship came first, even in these days of sorrow. It seemed that the King was able, in his own mind, to reconcile his private life with his promises to the country. There was no hesitation in his words when he wrote to the Commons of his father: "I am well assured that the House of Commons mourns the death of my beloved father. He devoted his life to the service of his people and the upholding of constitutional government. He was ever accentuated by his profound sense of duty." The King was able to add, with apparent sincerity, "I am resolved to follow in the way he has set before me."

Older friends who served the young King began to hope and wonder: were these words and promises an empty formality, or did the grey face tell of a struggle towards greatness? Were the winning characteristics of years before—the natural

kindliness and the wish for nobleness—to gather their forces together and exalt him to kingliness? Was there within him the inward sovereignty that would lift him free of his temptations as a human being?

The Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, said in the House of Commons on January 23: "King Edward VIII brings to the altar of public service a personality richly endowed with the experience of public affairs, with the fruits of travel and universal goodwill. He has the secret of youth in the prime of age. He has a wider and more intimate knowledge of all classes of his subjects, not only at home but also throughout the Dominions and India, than any of his predecessors."

Mr. Baldwin, knowing the circumstances of the King's private life, and doubtless hoping that courage would bring order to his troubled mind, said that he "looked forward with confidence and assurance to the new reign." "Under God's providence," he added, "he will establish the Throne more firmly than ever on its surest and only foundations—the hearts of his people."

Some time before King George's death his son had quoted two sentences from Disraeli, which the Labour papers had reviewed in great comfort. He had said, "Once England was for the very few. Now we have made it a land for the many, and we dream and contrive for the days when it shall be a land for all." A writer in *Forward* recalled the quotation when King George died, and he added, to his hopes for King Edward's reign, "If this is the spirit in which he intends acting through his reign he will be interpreting the mood of the democracy and be the most popular of kings."

But there was anxiety also and, even during the days before King George V was buried, a writer in the *Herald* asked, in referring to the young sovereign, "What sort of King will he make?" He gave no answer to his own question.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who was to play the part of moral judge over his King, at the end, spoke cautiously. He referred to the "position so exalted" and the "task so difficult," and said of King Edward, "Yet he comes singularly

equipped for the fulfilment of that task. He has acquired a unique knowledge of the life of the people of this country and of our Dominions overseas." But there was no warm enthusiasm from the venerable prelate who had been King George's friend. Perhaps more than any commoner in the land, Dr. Lang knew the inner story of conflict, scolding, and final disappointment that had marred the happiness of King George's last year of life.

King George was buried in St. George's Chapel on January 28th. The bell in the Curfew Tower gave warning of the procession as it began its march up the hill; the hill up which the Norman Conqueror climbed almost nine hundred years before. It was the same bell that Gray heard from the churchyard at Stoke Poges when it tolled "the knell of parting day." Within the chapel, five hundred mourners waited for the body of their dead King. The dim January light came in through the robes of the saints in the high stained-glass windows and sent shafts of rose, and green, and saffron light, on to the stone tracery. How strange it was, as one sat in anxious silence, to remember that kings were buried in St. George's long before Columbus dreamed that the world was round. Every stone should have been worn deep with history, but the vast Gothic arches seemed fresh and young. They spoke also of strength and of to-morrow; of the future as well as the past. In the choir, the gorgeous banners of the Knights of the Garter, spreading towards the altar, reminded one that this was not a great spectacle, but the quiet home-coming to Windsor of a knight who had kept his covenant.

The congregation that waited, some in the candlelight of the choir, and some in the broader nave, seemed to be more personal than the procession which was following the coffin up the hill. The old, white-haired verger, who waited by the west door, was once a sailor, and he had served in the *Bacchante* under the King, fifty-nine years before. They used to join in sailor talk whenever the monarch came to Evensong in the Chapel. One of the choristers who stood within the sanctuary had sung here at the beginning of the century, when

they brought Queen Victoria from Osborne on her last journey. There were others who had played their part in the life of the dead King. Near the west door was the Dean, whose ancestors served the Royal Family in the time of George the Third. There were old ladies, dimly seen behind their black veils, who used to dance in the Castle in the gay days before the war.

In front of the altar four candle flames moved gently against the golden reredos. From outside came the growing murmur of the procession. The west window was a vast curtain of stained glass; a company of saints looking down to the great door of the chapel.

The form of the coffin darkened the doorway: one knew then that George the Good was being brought into the home of his fathers. The Archbishops, the Dean and Chapter of St. George's, led the procession towards the door of the choir. One hardly dared to look at the group of mourners walking behind the coffin; the young King, his mother and his brothers. As the Bishops and clergy moved before the coffin the voices of the choir were heard singing :

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

The procession moved on, past the memorials to Princess Charlotte, and the blind King of Hanover, and then into the shadows of the choir. After they passed under the low, carved doorway, the words of the twenty-third Psalm were sung. The coffin was carried over the tombs of Charles I and Henry VIII: then it was placed on the purple bier over the royal vault.

As the Bishop of Winchester read the Lesson, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth . . ." most eyes turned towards King Edward. Many who do not make a habit of prayer must have prayed for him on that day. Few men in history had ever faced a decision more awful and heart-searching than that

which lay before the King. Yet he seemed so alone and beyond help, from the many people who would have sacrificed much, to help him. Two ways were open to him, and along both lay renunciation. One way offered loneliness—the loneliness that made Queen Victoria cry, at the beginning of her widowhood, “There is no-one to call me Victoria now.” Along this way lay the chill compensations of great honour, and the impersonal love of a multitude, that kings must learn to enjoy. Along the second way lay the excitement of private happiness, but also the spectre of failure, with no vision or goal at the end.

Those who sat in St. George’s Chapel, grieving over the dead King, endured also the second emotion of grief, over what might happen to the sovereign who stood by the coffin. Moses was dead, but it was of young Joshua that they thought, and of the Lord’s words to him, “Only be thou strong and very courageous.”

Some phrases in the Lesson seemed especially alive with meaning. “And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.” And, towards the end, “He that overcometh shall inherit all things.”

When the lesson was ended the choir sang the hymn best loved by the dead King, *Abide with Me*. For those who knew Windsor well, the old hymn had special importance. It awakened the memory of early summer evenings when the King used to walk down the hill to the chapel, always with the Queen, and sometimes with one of his Ministers.

When the hymn was ended the Archbishop of Canterbury read the burial sentences. The stillness then was terrible. “Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay....”

The regalia had been removed from the coffin which bore no ornament but flowers, and the King’s colours, which King Edward had placed there. As the Archbishop spoke, “Foras-

much as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother," the coffin and the bier slowly sank into the vault below. There was no movement in the world, it seemed, except the trembling of the flowers on Queen Mary's wreath, sinking into the purple darkness. As the words "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust" were spoken, King Edward took earth from a silver dish and scattered it upon the coffin.

As the eyes of the mourners turned from the dark vault towards the new King, standing beside his mother, the Garter King of Arms stepped before the sanctuary and proclaimed the styles of the dead Sovereign. "The late most high, most mighty and most noble" King was with his God. Then, for the new Sovereign, "God Save the King." The choir sang once more and, from the altar the Archbishop pronounced the Benediction. The Dead March in Saul was played while the Queen and her son remained before the open vault. Then, after bowing over the coffin, they walked out of the south door of the chapel. The short spell of sunshine, which had come an hour before, passed, and the stained-glass windows lost their brilliance. The new King was walking out among his subjects and into the world, his face sad and frightening. One remembered Joshua again and murmured, "Only be thou strong and very courageous."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

THE REIGN OF EDWARD VIII

During the first weeks of King Edward's short reign it seemed that he was trying to gather up the fragments of his life and to fulfil his early promises. The wide mass of people were still unaware of his association with Mrs. Simpson, and they were encouraged in their illusion of security by the stories of the King's service. The newspapers for this time gave a constructive record of his busy days, of his continued anxiety over the poor and his apparent devotion to duty.

When he went to see the great ship *Queen Mary*, and then visited the Glasgow slums, he asked, "How do you reconcile the world that has produced this mighty ship with the slums we have just visited?" This was the young Prince of Wales whom England knew so well. One afternoon he walked in Oxford, recapturing memories of his days at Magdalen, and he went to the porter, without fuss, and asked, "May I use the telephone?" There was another story of the director of a London hospital who telephoned Buckingham Palace and asked, "Who's speaking?"

The answer was, "The King; can I do anything for you?"

The director apologised.

"That's all right," answered King Edward. "Tell me what it's about. I may be able to help you."

Those who loved him recognised his true nature in these incidents, and their hopes became high again. Working men and old soldiers still had supreme confidence in the King. Mr. George Lansbury, the once fanatical Labour leader, had said of him, "I take my hat off. We do what we can, but he goes into the houses. We don't." When he attended his first Council meeting at St. James's Palace, the Ministers and leaders were comfortably pleased by his dignity and his apparent wish to do what was right. It did not seem possible

that he could be insincere in this renewal of his promises. It was not in his nature to deceive other men, but it was a sad fault in his nature that he was able to deceive himself. He said to the Privy Councillors:

"When my father stood here twenty-six years ago he declared that one of the objects of his life would be to uphold constitutional government. In this I am determined to follow in my father's footsteps and to work as he did throughout his life for the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects.

"I place my reliance upon the loyalty and affection of my people throughout the Empire and upon the wisdom of their Parliaments to support me in this heavy task, and I pray that God will guide me to perform it."

Many people within the circle of the Court and Government had been thinking that abdication was already in the King's mind. But the words he spoke at the Privy Council rang sincerely: promise was being heaped upon promise, and it was reasonable to hope, therefore, that he would make the decision which the country required of him.

The good hopes were fortified when Queen Mary wrote of her son, "I commend to you my dear son as he enters upon his reign, in confident hope that you will give to him the same devotion and loyalty which you gave so abundantly to his father."

In March, King Edward spoke over the air and reaffirmed the good intentions which he had expressed before the members of the Privy Council. "I am better known to you as the Prince of Wales," he said, "as a man who, during the war and since, has had the opportunity of getting to know the people of nearly every country of the world under all conditions and circumstances.

"And although I now speak to you as the King, I am still that same man who has that experience and whose constant

effort it will be to continue to promote the well-being of his fellow-men."

Foreign journalists, who had made free with the scandalous story of the King's private life, were so encouraged by these earnest promises that they hoped for a change. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* said:

"Wherever he can, King Edward expresses his wish to come together with the simple people of the nation. Since his accession, he has fostered, exclusively, the union with them and the union with the Army. Already, as Prince of Wales, he made no secret of his social ideas and, as King, he has not changed his self-willed attitude in this respect in the least. This makes itself evident in the most diverse ways. He arranges his private life just as it suits him and, apart from his official duties, he recognises no social responsibilities of any kind. He entertains whom he will. Also, in regard to other prejudices, he does as he wishes. It would have been unthinkable, during the reign of King George V, that a divorced woman should be received at Court. It is well known that the views of the Church of England are very strong about divorced women. . . . The King is only a few months on the throne, but one has no doubt that it will be an extraordinary reign. . . ."

King Edward still performed those duties which made him popular with the mass of the people. He sang *Tipperary* with the bluejackets in H.M.S. *Courageous*, and he continued his freedom of manner with people, but with variations. He had never been a liberal spender and, with the acquisition of great lands and houses and fortune, he became curiously parsimonious. Old servants were dismissed from Sandringham, expenses were pared, and new, hard economies were introduced, revealing eccentricity rather than ordinary meanness. At Balmoral he used for himself a room ordinarily occupied by a major servant. He travelled to Scotland with

little more than half the usual retinue, and he ordered the Highland servants not to line the avenue for his arrival, as they had done in his father's day.

If these economies had been necessary they might have assumed the shape of a virtue. But the King did not seem able to cope with the new intricacy of problems and he avoided decisions whenever he could. It seemed that his judgment was no longer calm and, instead of finding peace and grace in his infatuation, he found only a means of bringing distress to his staff, and disappointment to the servants who had always found him, in the past, to be a considerate and friendly master. He became a piteous figure as he estranged himself from those who served him and who had respected him. Some who saw him murmured that there was a fault in his reason, and they wondered how far he was bringing his country to peril. The campaigns of scandal in the foreign Press slowly percolated throughout England and, by the end of the summer, a cloud of insecurity was spreading over the realm.

An incident in July brought a sudden check to the growing resentment against the King. He was riding down Constitution Hill, after presenting colours to six battalions of the Brigade of Guards—passing between two banks of cheering people—when a man pushed his way to the front and threw a revolver, loaded in four chambers, into the roadway. The reporter for *The Times* wrote: "Witnesses of the alarming incident state that the King saw what happened, reined in his horse and, after a surprised look in the direction from which the missile had been thrown, calmly proceeded on his way."

The incident startled the imagination of the world. The King had never failed in courage and, for some days, the Press of all countries spoke of him affectionately. Coincidence gave a romantic twist to the incident. Ninety-six years before, a miscreant standing on almost the same stretch of Constitution Hill, had fired a shot at Queen Victoria. The Prince Consort had described the alarming moment in a letter to his brother:

"My first thought was that in her present state* the fright might harm her. I put both arms around her and asked how she felt, but she only laughed." This story was recalled and used as a background for King Edward's happy behaviour in face of danger.

The comfort from his courage was shortlived. The end had already been prophesied when, on May 27, the names of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson appeared in the Court Circular as guests of the King. They had dined at St. James's Palace and the King had added an incongruous note to his defiance by inviting Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin and Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh. Six days before the revolver incident, the name of Mrs. Simpson appeared once more in the Court Circular, this time without her husband. Now the talk reached remote places and, for once, widespread gossip was ahead of the newspapers. With estimable patience the editors still resisted what was to be the greatest journalistic sensation of the century.

It must not be imagined that the King wholly neglected his duties. He was harassed, unreasonable and vain, but he continued to play the rôle of popular monarch.

Afterwards, when people guessed over King Edward's motives, some said that he relied upon this rôle to sustain him, if a crisis came, and that he played upon the theme deliberately. It was even said that he imagined a state of royal dictatorship without a Constitution; a giddy and unreasonable interpretation to put upon his own powers. But it is doubtful if he came as near as this, to the megalomania of dictators.

It is reasonable to imagine what might have happened to King Edward had he come to the throne in different times. He inherited his crown when the country was sleepy: neither the Italian campaign in Abyssinia nor the revolt in Spain had unsettled the true, yet dangerous, foundations of British complacency. There was no outside stimulus to King Edward's talents and character at the time of his accession. Had he come to the throne during a war, or in a time of fierce con-

* The Princess Royal was born five months afterwards.

stitutional crisis, he might have shaken himself free of the ghosts that haunted him. He might have risen to magnificence, with the ordeal of battle, or the anxiety of domestic strife. But he assumed his crown surrounded by old and comparatively tired men; with a Prime Minister who stood for the safety and apathy which he could neither respect nor endure, and with an Archbishop to whom he was hostile. There were no influential members of his Cabinet of his own age and experience and, once more, he suffered the penalty of belonging to the generation that came back from the war.

One has insisted upon the unhappy fact that the King had no friends; it was also true that there were no contemporaries in the Government of whom he could make both advisers and intimates. He quickly showed that he was to be impatient with the old voices that grumbled against him. The first three acts of his reign—his flight from Sandringham to London, his insistence that the funeral of King George should be seven days earlier than was usual, and his decision to walk in the procession—were convincing portents. It was to be a young man's reign. King Edward would not realise that the unconventional ways of a popular Prince of Wales, the hurry and the spontaneity, did not suit a monarch's stride. He might have imposed them upon his Government over a period of years, but as it was, he hustled and he failed. Had there been a violent national distress to inspire him, the King might have acted differently. It is certain that he would not have spent so many weeks of his brief reign on holiday, skirting the Mediterranean and pausing in middle Europe, not to gather experience which might have helped him to estimate the voices which were prophesying war at the time, but to amuse himself in the way his will and fancy had led him.

One other interest might have helped to divert King Edward from his selfish way. It will never be denied that his devotion to the poor was sincere and calculated to be of great benefit, and it was well known that one of the chief objects of his reign would have been to lift the unemployed and the wretched from their darkness. Many members of the Gov-

ernment resented his campaigns among the poor. They found his eagerness discomfoting, since it exposed the methods of the authorities and proved their work in the distressed areas to be slow and blighted by caution. As Prince of Wales, the King had often been discouraged in his charity. It was clear to him that he would be similarly frustrated now that he was Sovereign. His eager hands were tied by the red tape of conventional methods. This lack of encouragement, in the one cause which stirred his heart, no doubt contributed to his disappointment and helped his quick and emotional nature to go its own way. He was accustomed to frustration, but he had not grown patient with it through experience.

Early in the summer of 1936 the King chartered Lady Yule's big and comfortable yacht for a cruise in the Adriatic. The consoling figure of Mr. Simpson now withdrew from the picture and a party of nine embarked upon a sunny, beautiful holiday. The pity of it all was that the photographs showed a happy King. The newspapers were still discreet, placing the good name of their country and the sober reputation of the Government before their own purposes. But the photographs which were reproduced revealed the King of ten years before. The boy who smiled from the platforms in Canada, from the wharf in Melbourne, and from the edge of Mount Vaea, when he was in Samoa, was resurrected. He bought skittles from the fishermen, he swam, and always, he was laughing. The King was involving his Government, his Court, his country, and his household, in great and painful anxiety, and the reward for all this was the joy which was written on his face. On the way back to England he paused in Vienna; he dined in small restaurants and courted success with his old, charming familiarity. Everywhere, Mrs. Simpson was beside him, and if the society which gathered about them was sometimes of the kind that sparkles but does not endure, there was no doubt that the King was supremely happy.



(Picture Post Library)

The Dukes of Windsor, Kent, Edinburgh and Gloucester, walking in the funeral procession of King George VI. (1952)

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

THE KING AND THE PRIME MINISTER

When Mrs. Ernest Simpson's divorce action came before the Judge at Ipswich, the newspapers did not publish a full account of the surprising evidence, in which she complained that her husband was guilty of adultery. The case depended upon the statements of a number of hotel servants and, at the end, Mr. Justice Hawke stated, "Well, I suppose I must come to the conclusion that there was adultery in the case. Very well—decree nisi."

The restraint of the newspaper reports of the divorce action did not save the story of Mrs. Simpson's life from becoming a widespread scandal. The weeks of whispered gossip and rumour were ended: the talk, which had never gone far beyond the official classes and the knowledge of the journalists, now became the subject of after-dinner quips; old limericks were remodelled and puns were invented to suit the occasion. Every ugly device was used to spread the distressing news. But, as the days passed, a nobleness in the public mind conquered the cheap aspects of the coming tragedy. While the story piled up towards the inevitable end, there was true greatness in the reaction of the mass of people. They were patient, and they seemed to respect the King's problem as being a private war for his own character. They were too disappointed in him to enjoy moral indignation, and their resentment was not against the throne, but against his failure to fill it with honour.

The constitutional crisis had begun before the divorce at Ipswich. On October 13, the Prime Minister had asked to be received by the King: for some time, the Prime Minister had been beset by letters revealing the uneasiness of hundreds of people over the King's friendship with Mrs. Simpson. Mr. Baldwin was also aware of the impending divorce action, and, in his

own words,* he "felt that it was essential that someone should see His Majesty and warn him of the difficult situation that might arise later if occasion was given for a continuation of this kind of gossip and of criticism, and the danger that might come if that gossip and that criticism spread from the other side of the Atlantic to this country." "I felt," he said, "that in the circumstances there was only one man who could speak to him and talk the matter over with him, and that man was the Prime Minister. I felt doubly bound to do it by my duty, as I conceived it, to the country, and my duty to him not only as a counsellor but as a friend. I consulted, I am ashamed to say—and they have forgiven me—none of my colleagues."

Mr. Baldwin did not pass through the crisis and time of abdication without severe criticism. Many Americans imagined that both the Government, and vested interests, pressed King Edward into abdication, and this crazy view is still expressed in the United States. In such an imagined plot, Mr. Baldwin naturally appears as a villain. Also, he has been censured for taking so much responsibility upon himself. This criticism of the Prime Minister and the Government remained long after the abdication of King Edward, in the form of smouldering resentment. Public opinion upon the matter was divided. Some viewed Mr. Baldwin's independent conduct as being inevitable and wise. Others considered that the Government had approved of the newspaper campaign against the King and that they had encouraged it, while expressing a different view, through the Prime Minister. It was felt, also, that such a mighty problem should have been placed before the House of Commons; that the broad will of the people should have been tested. The Government was further accused of wishing to be rid of a King who did not accept their ways of dealing with unemployment, or adapt himself to their pace. The view is still held, by many people, that the Government looked upon King Edward as a young

* In his address to the House of Commons, following the King's decision to abdicate.

eagle, beyond their control and likely to act with originality which would be embarrassing to them. There was also resentment because King Edward was not given the normal constitutional advice to try to form an alternative administration, which would carry out his wishes, when the Cabinet ultimately refused to pass legislation permitting him to marry Mrs. Simpson and at the same time deprive her of the privileges of being his Queen Consort.

When the documents prepared during this time are made available to some future historian, justice will doubtless be done to both the King and his Ministers. In the meantime, until this fuller evidence is made available, it must be remembered that if Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues failed to observe the ethics of the Constitution, they also carried the country through the greatest drama concerning the authority of the monarch since the time of James II. King Edward was a distraught, unreasonable man, during the days before his abdication, and negotiations with the Cabinet would have been impossible. The outcome of the crisis was dependent upon the character of the individuals concerned. Mr. Baldwin was always at his best when he was given a stimulus from outside himself; and in the opinion of his champions, he carried off the negotiations with patience and understanding, saving the country from violent disruption and his Sovereign from as much pain as possible.

The first interview between the King and Mr. Baldwin was the result of a request made by the Prime Minister to the Sovereign's private secretary. Mr. Baldwin said, later, "This is the first and only occasion on which I was the one who asked for an interview—that I desired to see him, that the matter was urgent." The Prime Minister saw the King on October 20. In recalling the interviews which he had on this day, and others that followed, Mr. Baldwin spoke of the King's manner. "Never has he shown any sign of offence, of being hurt at anything I have said to him. The whole of our discussions have been carried out, as I have said, with an increase, if possible, of that mutual respect and regard in

which we stood." Mr. Baldwin explained his anxiety to King Edward, and, at the end of their talk, the King answered calmly, "You and I must settle this matter together; I will not have anyone interfering."

This, then, was the trend of His Majesty's mind. Mr. Baldwin did not press the King for an answer: he left Fort Belvedere and almost a month passed before he saw his Sovereign again.

Early in November, King Edward announced his intention of visiting the distressed areas of Wales. No phase of his English life had brought him greater popularity with the poor than his missions of compassion among them. His readiness to sympathise, his emotions, which he never seemed to hide, all showed the true value of his gentle heart. Once more, he caught the imagination of the mass of the people by his natural kindliness. He said, at a town in Glamorganshire, "Something ought to be done to find these people employment." At the end of his journey he crystallised his interest by making a promise. "Something will be done."

Cynics have said that the King made this last effort in charity, to establish himself in the good opinion of the people. Political theorists said that his campaign was part of his wild intention to begin a royal dictatorship independent of the Constitution. Neither accusation seems to suit his character. But, if these were his intentions, they were cut short. *The Times* described his comments and promises to the miners as part of "a constitutionally dangerous proceeding." By this way, it was alleged, he drew attention to the apathy of the Government in dealing with unemployment. Such actions on the part of the King—if continued—would "entangle the throne in politics."

There was a fantastic anomaly in the history of these days in November. Just before going to Wales, where he made his dramatic promise, "Something will be done," the King had sent for Mr. Baldwin once more and he had said, "I am going to marry Mrs. Simpson and I am prepared to go." Five days after the King's return from Wales, while the poor of

Glamorganshire were still repeating his promises and taking hope from them, Mr. Baldwin was sent for once more. Up to this time he had obeyed the King's wish. He had not reported the first interview to the Cabinet. He had perhaps hoped that there was still time for the King and himself to "settle the matter together." During this interview, the King's mind apparently played with compromise. He desired the Prime Minister to consider whether he could marry Mrs. Simpson and, by Act of Parliament, enable her "to be the King's wife without the position of Queen."

An important point of change thus came to the conversations between the King and his Prime Minister. Up to this moment the King had consulted him as his private adviser, a rôle which Prime Ministers have often played: a rôle distinguished by Melbourne, Peel and Disraeli. When the King asked if the Government would pass legislation permitting a morganatic marriage, he made his problems into a constitutional issue; and in his report to the House of Commons, Mr. Baldwin showed that he was immediately aware of this moment, in which he ceased to be private adviser and became Prime Minister, with his duty to his Cabinet. He said to the King that he would have to place the suggestion "formally before the whole Cabinet" and that he would also be obliged to seek the opinion of the Dominion Prime Ministers before he could give his Sovereign an answer. The King agreed: he told Mr. Baldwin that it was his wish that this wider, constitutional field of opinion should be sought; that it was his wish also, to know the will of the British and Dominion Governments.

On December 2 Mr. Baldwin went to his Sovereign with his answer. He was certain, he said, that no such legislation as that sought by the King would be acceptable. The plan was, in Mr. Baldwin's word, *impracticable*. King Edward received the news quietly, without protest or complaint. Mr. Baldwin said that "he behaved as a great gentleman; he said no more about it."

As far as the King was concerned this moment was perhaps

the most poignant in the crisis. He had in his hands the last opportunity of using his prerogative as a monarch. If he had acted wildly, he might have dismissed his Ministers. This was constitutionally open to him, but in this, the last act of his little reign, he was both wise, and unselfish towards his country. He seemed to realize that it would be unthinkable to throw the issue into the arena of politics, in a way that would have involved a general election. It would, indeed, have prejudiced the future of the Crown. He withdrew, and wore his defeat with dignity. He stayed away from London—at Fort Belvedere—so that he would not stir popular feeling, an action which made Mr. Baldwin say, "I honour and respect him for the way in which he behaved at that time."

On December 1, the day before Mr. Baldwin's third interview with the King, the Bishop of Bradford spoke to his Diocesan Conference of his Sovereign's tardiness in religious observance. "The benefit of the King's Coronation depends, under God, upon two elements," he said. "First, on the faith, prayer and self-dedication of the King himself—and on that it would be improper for me to say anything except commend him, and ask you to commend him, to God's grace, which he will so abundantly need, as we all need it—for the King is a man like ourselves—if he is to do his duty faithfully. We hope that he is aware of his need. Some of us wish that he gave more positive signs of his awareness."

The London newspapers reported the Bishop's words, but without comment. The Diocesan address and the knowledge that a secret meeting of the Cabinet had been held, finally brought the King's dilemma into full public limelight. The Stock Exchange revealed the growing fears in a fall in the price of Consols; insurance companies increased the premiums for Coronation risks, and manufacturers of souvenirs, bearing King Edward's head, hurried to protect their investments with policies drawn up against his abdication. This commercial nervousness spread quickly, and the word *crisis* was used in the newspapers for the first time.

On Thursday, December 3, the London newspapers lifted

the ban which had endured perhaps too long. The editors expressed their concern, each in his own way. *The Times* talked of the "paramount importance" of reaching a decision which would "proclaim afresh the fundamental harmony of all elements of the State." The *Daily Mail* said that abdication was "out of the question," because of the mischief that would ensue, and the *Daily Express* asked, "Are we to lose the King or keep him? He knows the answer that the people want to hear." The Labour *Daily Herald*, declared, "Either the King is bound to accept his Ministers' advice or else the British democratic Constitution ceases to work."

In the new countries, comments were loyal but frank. A Melbourne newspaper said, "Only the King can relax the tension. His sacrifice might be unreasonable, but it is necessary for the sake of the monarchy." A Canadian newspaper hoped that the King would find "duty more appealing than personal inclinations," and some of the Indian journalists wrote wildly of his trying to "render a distinct service to British democracy." New York reminded England of her "inexhaustible" gift for compromise, and hoped that it would "avail in this case."

In the British Parliament, Mr. Attlee, Leader of the Opposition, asked a question of the Prime Minister. He wished to know "whether any constitutional difficulties" had arisen, and whether Mr. Baldwin had "a statement to make." The ensuing statements were guarded and inconclusive: the day ended in gloom, and the events of the night made people wait beside their wireless sets or congregate before the newspaper offices. London was dazed: the dark façade of Buckingham Palace seemed to fascinate hundreds of people who stood there, staring at nothing. Great Britain was suddenly divided into two camps. The smaller was all for licence and freedom, at the expense of security and judgment. The greater was sympathetic, willing to be patient, but certain that the throne was of more importance than any one man who might sit upon it. The leaders in the drama lived through a busy and anxious night. The King saw Mr. Baldwin once more, and he

also went to see his mother. He had seen the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duke of Kent, during the day. When he went to Marlborough House he saw also the Duke and Duchess of York.

Whatever tide of criticism there was welling up against the King, his moral courage did not fail. He was perhaps incapable of conquest within himself, but he did not avoid the frightening interviews: those with his Prime Minister, which must have tortured his reason beyond common understanding, and those with his mother and his brothers, which must have tried his affections. He blundered on, fiercely loyal to his ideal: the scope of his conflict may have seemed small and unworthy, but there was no doubt of his honesty or his sincerity. "He told me his intentions, and he has never wavered from them," said Mr. Baldwin.

The sensation of the next day, December 4, was the departure of Mrs. Simpson for the South of France. The night before, after his distressing interviews with his mother, his brothers and Mr. Baldwin, King Edward had bade Mrs. Simpson good-bye. In the morning, she was already out of England and her car was hurrying south, pursued by reporters. The newspapers were full of her photographs, and millions of people saw, for the first time, a likeness of the woman who had helped to bring such pain to the country. The public view of her was not wild or unkind. It would have been easy to heap derision and cruelty upon her, but there was acknowledgment of her talents, and a concession that she had helped the King, in less important ways, to overcome some of the faults of his behaviour. She did not emerge as a great character or personality, but it was human to hope that she deserved the devotion that she had aroused. There was disappointment, a few days afterwards, when she agreed to pose for the Press photographers. It seemed to be an insensitive and ill-timed gesture. People examined her oval face and wondered over the hardness of her mouth. Englishmen loved King Edward, no matter whither his twisted reason led him, and they were anxious lest he might destroy himself,

instead of finding the freedom and inner peace that he required.

Mrs. Simpson's journey towards the South of France opened a new field to the public imagination. It was hoped, for an hour or two, that she had withdrawn, upon the strength of her own pride, from a position which was afterwards described, in her name, as "unhappy and untenable." But it was not to be. As the hours of Friday, December 4, passed by, attention moved once more towards Westminster. In the afternoon, Mr. Baldwin made his first considerable statement upon the situation: he told the members of the House of Commons that neither the British Cabinet, nor the Dominion Governments, could accept the suggestion of special legislation to permit Mrs. Simpson to become the King's wife and not assume the full dignities of being his Queen.

The behaviour of the responsible members of the House of Commons during these alarming days is one of the happy signs left over from a time of great national humiliation. Mr. Attlee, Leader of the Opposition, showed sensitive consideration for Mr. Baldwin's repugnant duty, and, neither his questions, nor the comments which followed the Prime Minister's statement, were harassing. When the Leader of the Opposition questioned the Prime Minister on Friday, Mr. Baldwin answered:

"....Suggestions have appeared in certain organs of the Press of yesterday and again to-day that if the King decided to marry, his wife need not become Queen. These ideas are without any constitutional foundation. There is no such thing as what is called morganatic marriage known to our law.... The King himself requires no consent from any other authority to make his marriage legal, but, as I have said, the lady whom he marries, by the fact of her marriage to the King, necessarily becomes Queen.... and her children would be in the direct line of succession to the throne."

The Prime Minister then told the House what he had

said to his Sovereign two days before: the only possible way in which Mrs. Simpson could become the King's wife, without a consort's prerogatives, was through special legislation. "His Majesty's Government are not prepared to introduce such legislation," said Mr. Baldwin. The Commons cheered for so long at this announcement that Mr. Baldwin had to pause before adding his assurance that the Dominions would be equally steadfast in refusing their assent to such a solution.

Friday closed with little more to add to the story, except a statement from the Archbishop of Canterbury, designed to guide the clergy in preparing their sermons for the coming Sunday. Dr. Lang hoped, he said, that they would "refrain from speaking directly" on the matters "which had arisen" affecting the King himself and his subjects. He added, "Words spoken with imperfect knowledge of an extremely difficult situation can give no helpful guidance, and may only mislead or confuse public thought and feeling. Silence is fitting until the ultimate decisions are made known."

The Church has since been criticised because it gave no guide to public thought during the crisis. The reason is not far to seek. The Archbishop had been a close friend of King George V, and, from the beginning, the King had called on him to help in trying to persuade the Prince of Wales that his friendship with Mrs. Simpson was an error. The Prince rejected the advice of both his father and the Archbishop, and when the crisis came, all hope of his being influenced by Dr. Lang was exhausted..

The Archbishop rightly judged that the Church should be silent upon the question of the marriage, as it was fully known that the Government and the Press were opposed to it. There was no need for the Church to emphasise this objection. If the Government had legalised the King's marriage, the Church would have been forced to speak, as the entire constitutional relationship between the Church and the Crown would have been involved and altered. In such circumstances, the Church would doubtless have been obliged to demand her disestablishment.

The sensational week ended with indecision. Mr. Baldwin had his fifth audience with the King and, during these negotiations, he had to reconcile himself to a fresh kind of attack from some of the newspapers. The accusation that he was forcing the King's hand went on, and those journals usually opposed to his policy, described the crisis as an opportunity for keeping "a good King" and discarding "a bad Prime Minister." But these opinions were not general, and the *Daily Herald*, which showed restraint and good judgment all through the conflict, said, "Sad as the consequences may be, we cannot see how the Cabinet could have done other than tender the advice which seems to it right." One more interesting voice was raised before the day closed. Mr. Winston Churchill pleaded for "time and patience." In a statement to the newspapers, he criticised the Cabinet for prejudging the question "without having previously ascertained at the very least the will of Parliament." He said, "Parliament has not been consulted in any way, nor allowed to express any opinion." Mr. Churchill drew public attention to the circumstances of the divorce, which, if made absolute, would not free Mrs. Simpson until April 1937. "Why cannot time be granted?" he asked. "Surely, if he asks for time to consider the advice of his Ministers, now that at length matters have been brought to this dire culmination, he should not be denied. Howsoever this matter may turn, it is pregnant with calamity and inseparable from inconvenience. But all the evil aspects will be aggravated beyond measure if the utmost chivalry and compassion is not shown, both by Ministers and by the British nation, towards a gifted and beloved King torn between private and public obligations of love and duty."

He used the words, "If an abdication were to be hastily extorted," but the accusation lying behind them was unjust. King Edward was no longer "torn between private and public obligations of love and duty." He had made up his mind, and he had declared his decision, in favour of love and against duty. For him to have imagined, for one moment,

that the traditions of British respectability could withstand the union he proposed, showed how far he had wandered from knowledge of his people.

The leisure of the week-end gave many people the opportunity for demonstration in the streets. They had been fed with surprises in the morning newspapers, and the reporters, hiding in the laurel bushes about Fort Belvedere, told of strange comings and goings. Mr. Baldwin passed through the gates, in the darkness, for still another interview with the King. In the London streets, women walked with banners bearing the words, "We want our King," and "God save the King from Baldwin." A newspaper announced that the King was leaving England immediately for Cannes, and Mrs. Simpson was reported to have said to a correspondent of the *Paris Soir*, "I have nothing to say except that I want to be left quiet. . . . I have no plans. The King is the only judge. While waiting for his decision I am going to withdraw into silence and rest."

On Monday, December 7, a member of the Commons put a question to Mr. Baldwin, which contained the phrase, "the fatal and final step of abdication." The unanimous protest against these words showed how Mr. Baldwin had gained and held the confidence of the House. When Mr. Attlee asked him whether he had "anything to add to the statement which he made on Friday," the Prime Minister answered some of the accusations which had been made against him and his Government; mainly the charge that they had pressed the King for a decision. He again declared that no advice had been given to the King, except upon the question of a morganatic marriage, and that this had been at His Majesty's wish. The conduct in the House continued to be quiet, and it was significant that when Mr. Baldwin expressed "deep and respectful sympathy with His Majesty," the Leader of the Opposition added his agreement. A question from Mr. Winston Churchill was abruptly nipped in the bud with cries of "Sit down!" and "Shut up!" Never in his career had Mr. Baldwin been attended with such respect and consider-

ation and, on this occasion, the Socialists joined in the cheering. Most of them trusted Mr. Baldwin not to misuse the frightening opportunity that had come to him.

Fort Belvedere had never been described in fulness to the people of England. It was the King's independent home, upon which he had spent much affection. Now, the thoughts of everyone turned upon the house, in which his fatal love had matured. The knowledge of his unhappiness was painful to all sensitive people, but emotion could not drown the certain knowledge that the only way to nobleness for him was through renunciation. In the days that followed, when returned soldiers talked over his abdication, they sometimes murmured against him: he had always promised them so much. "I want all ex-Service men . . . to look on me as a comrade," he had said to them, and it had not seemed possible that he could turn from his vows. They said, with simple truth, "We had to give up our girls and leave our wives for our country." The magnitude of his world, compared with the simplicity of theirs, made no difference to the issue.

The King's life had been a pathway of promises, from the day when he walked in Carnarvon Castle to vow to his father that he would always be a "husband" to his people. These pledges were recalled during the last week of his reign. Business men in Manchester were able to remember the day when he leaned across a table and said, "I shall always pull my weight." Even the dusky Maoris in New Zealand were able to think of the day when he said to them, "I will ever keep before me the pattern of Victoria, the great Queen." In almost every land of the earth, over a period of twenty years, he had frowned, with the earnestness which had always made his utterances attractive, and had promised that his heart and his talents belonged to the people. It did not seem possible that he would turn from this good history to embrace the smaller needs of his heart.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

THE ABDICATION

King Edward announced his decision to abdicate on Thursday, December 10, 1936. The preceding Tuesday and Wednesday added no fresh themes to the drama. There had been faint hope when Mrs. Simpson's statement was published—that she “wished to avoid any action or proposal which would hurt or damage His Majesty or the throne.” She said that she was willing, “if such action would solve the problem,” to withdraw from the situation. But nothing would shake the strength of King Edward's purpose and the world waited, excited and anxious, to know the outcome of the hurried meetings between members of the Royal Family, of Dominion Ministers, and the many audiences between the King and Mr. Baldwin. The signs were increasingly grave, and renewed gloom settled upon financiers and members of the Stock Exchange. On Wednesday, a note of impatience was in the air: Mr. Baldwin added nothing to his previous statements in the House, but he hoped to be able to do so “to-morrow.” On this last day, the members of the Cabinet sat for two and a half hours. The leaders of the country were busy and reticent: they did not share the confidence some of the newspapers had read into the statement made by Mrs. Simpson. As the parliamentary correspondent of *The Times* wrote, the Ministers had been merely embarrassed by the “very confident assurances” which some of the journalists built upon her message. “This was never the view of those of them who realised that the final decision rested with the King and with the King alone.” It was expected, said *The Times*, that a message from the King would be read in the House during Wednesday afternoon, and it was “generally anticipated” that it “would indicate the monarch's desire to relinquish the throne.”

It was with this melancholy announcement that the last day of the crisis began. The King remained at Fort Belvedere.

His health and his reason were said to show the strain of his unhappy state, but the will within remained firm; firm enough for him to withstand the touching appeal of his mother's visit to him on Wednesday afternoon. When the letters and diaries of this time become historical documents, posterity may know the extent of this appeal. We can know only that it must have been calm and wise.

At the Cabinet meeting on Wednesday, Mr. Baldwin reported the conversation of the day before, when the King "communicated to him informally" his "firm and definite intention to renounce the throne." In a letter written after the meeting, the Prime Minister made his last appeal to his Sovereign. "Ministers are reluctant to believe that Your Majesty's resolve is irrevocable, and still venture to hope that before Your Majesty pronounces any formal decision, Your Majesty may be pleased to reconsider an intention which must so deeply distress and so vitally affect Your Majesty's subjects."

On Wednesday night, King Edward answered Mr. Baldwin: the end had come and his pledges of twenty years died upon the wind. The King wrote, "His Majesty has given the matter his further consideration, but regrets that he is unable to alter his decision."

This was the news with which the Prime Minister faced the House of Commons on Thursday afternoon. Thousands of people stood outside the Houses of Parliament, but they made little sound. The day was cold and this added to the gloom; the hopeless silence that seemed to spread over the capital. London seemed to be stunned by the knowledge that hope was past. When it was almost four o'clock, Mr. Baldwin rose from his seat and walked to the Bar of the House, carrying three sheets of typescript which bore the royal coat of arms in red. He turned quickly and bowed to the Chair: then, in a clear, unhesitating voice, he said, "A message from His Majesty the King, sir, signed by His Majesty's own hand."

He handed the three sheets of paper to the Speaker and

then walked back to his seat. There was one break in the strained silence as the Speaker began—there was a movement in one of the galleries. The word “Order!” was cried, and then the Speaker read the King’s message.

After long and anxious consideration I have determined to renounce the throne to which I succeeded on the death of my father, and I am communicating this, my final and irrevocable decision. Realising as I do the gravity of this step, I can only hope that I shall have the understanding of my peoples in the decision I have taken and the reasons which have led me to take it. I will not enter now into my private feelings, but I would beg that it should be remembered that the burden which constantly rests upon the shoulders of a sovereign is so heavy that it can only be borne in circumstances different from those in which I now find myself.

There was also the sentence which revealed his own wretchedness: “.....I am conscious that I can no longer discharge this heavy task with efficiency or satisfaction to myself.” Later in the message occurred the phrase, “But my mind is made up,” and at the end he directed his Ministers to avoid further injury to his people by giving effect to the “instrument,” without delay, so that his brother should ascend the throne.

We have emerged far enough from the events of December 1936 to realise that authors of the future will not write upon the romantic theme of a King who gave up his throne for love, so much as upon the theme of a man of promise who came to disaster through the slow disintegration of his character; disintegration which was hastened by the perpetual frustration he had suffered. That the circumstances of his life contributed to this end—circumstances often beyond his own control—will be conceded; but people of the future will doubtless comprehend Mr. Baldwin’s mind when he said, after the King’s message had been read, “Sir, no more grave message

has ever been received by Parliament and no more difficult, and I may almost say repugnant, task has ever been imposed upon a Prime Minister."

Then began his long, simple description of the preceding days. When the story ended, Mr. Baldwin was cheered. There was no protest yet, and no criticism. The Leader of the Opposition asked that the sitting should be suspended until evening, in view of the gravity of the King's message. Little more than half an hour from the time when Mr. Baldwin rose from his seat and took the King's message to the Speaker, the House rose and withdrew in silence.

King Edward remained in England one more day. In London, the Commons closed the formalities associated with the Abdication Bill. The House had met on Thursday evening, when the Leader of the Opposition said, "This occasion does not, in my view, call for long and eloquent speeches." He spoke with sympathy for the King, and with understanding for Mr. Baldwin. The Leader of the Liberals and Mr. Winston Churchill followed, and it must have solaced Mr. Baldwin to hear the latter speaker withdraw his early suggestion, that the King had been harried into making his decision. "I accept wholeheartedly," Mr. Churchill said, "what the Prime Minister has proved—namely, that the decision taken this week has been taken by His Majesty freely, voluntarily and spontaneously, in his own time and in his own way."

The day in the House ended with the speeches of those who were openly opposed to monarchy. The most interesting address was from Mr. Maxton, who revealed the dangers the King's abdication might awaken among Communists. Mr. Maxton spoke with quiet appreciation of the opposite view. "I am speaking in a House in which an overwhelming proportion of the membership is under feelings of very strong emotion. I respect these emotions, although I do not entirely share them. . . . I share the same sympathies with the Prime Minister, who has to shoulder a task which few, if any, of the occupants of his office has ever had to shoulder before, and, in the nature of the case, has had to shoulder it alone." There

Mr. Maxton's sympathies ended: he moved to the theme of the damage to the cause of monarchy. He said, "We therefore intend, however it may be against the general run of opinion in this House, to take strongly the view that the lesson of the past few days, and of this day in particular, is that the monarchical institution has now outlived its usefulness."

Through this great act of negotiation, Mr. Baldwin had become one of the celebrated Prime Ministers in English history. Never an inspiring figure, sometimes attracting derision, and belittled because of his apparent lethargy, he had suddenly emerged as a distinguished statesman. It was not possible to imagine any other man in the land who could have nursed both the country and its King through such a disaster, with so little hurt to either of them. From this view of Westminster, the thoughts of the people moved back to Fort Belvedere, where their King waited, alone. The simple truth was already spreading over the country and into the world: it was better that he should go—better in every way, despite the affection he still enjoyed, and despite his good history.

The British public react calmly and with speed in times of crisis. As the night of Thursday came, people began to talk of the new King. The sense of history in their loyalty was strong, and crowds gathered outside the Duke of York's house in Piccadilly, as a sign of their curiosity, but also of their devotion.

King George VI began his reign at 1.52 p.m. on December 11. The unchanging machinery of government went on, and the drama that had been so fiercely personal, did not seem to affect the impersonal continuity of the country's business. An event that might have aroused destructive passions and bloodshed in other countries seemed to be immediately absorbed into England's history. A new King, modest and untried, was already assuming tasks which were alien to his private nature, but which he was able to assume, because of the steadfast forces of his character.

On Friday morning, Mr. Baldwin spoke of King Edward VIII. "Like many of his generation, he was flung into the war as a very young man, and he has served us well in trying to qualify for that office, which he knew must be his if he lived. For all that work I should like to put on record here to-day, that we are grateful and that we shall never forget. There is no need in this Bill to say anything of the future. It deals with the fate of him who is still King, and who will cease to be King in a few short hours..."

The few short hours passed. In the afternoon, Queen Mary addressed a message to her son's subjects. She spoke of the sympathy which had been given to her. "I need not speak to you of the distress which fills a mother's heart when I think that my dear son has deemed it to be his duty to lay down his charge, and that the reign which had begun with so much hope and promise has so suddenly ended... I commend to you his brother, summoned so unexpectedly and in circumstances so painful, to take his place..."

Before the day ended, King Edward said his last words to those who had been his subjects: at ten o'clock, he was within Windsor Castle, ready to broadcast his farewell.

It is not difficult to understand why kings have sometimes gone mad with the unnatural weight which life puts upon them. It was amazing that King Edward had lived through the days at Fort Belvedere with any remnant of reason left. But it was disturbing to realise, as one sat beside an English hearth, nursing all the comfort of British life, that he was going into a wilderness; that his busy mind and his interests—his sympathy and his training as a prince—would never fit into the little space of desire.

One remembered that kings had ruled from Windsor Castle since the days of the Norman Conqueror. One thought of the earlier story, of Edward the Confessor whispering his prayers in the same forest through which his namesake of the twentieth century had driven a little time before. There was John to recall, climbing the Windsor hill on the way back from Runnymede, giving "vent to rage and curses against

the Charter," and there was the White King, being carried within the shadows of St. George's, where the Cavaliers found a place for him beside the body of Henry VIII. It was not reasonable to suppose that these ancestral voices would be audible to Prince Edward in such an hour.

At ten o'clock a voice announced, over the air, "This is Windsor Castle. His Royal Highness Prince Edward."

Then came another voice, thick and tired. The Prince was trying, along the way of sorrow and self-pity, to explain his intimate tragedy to the world. He said, "I have never wanted to withhold anything..." And this was true. He pleaded then, "But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love."

Later came the quickened sentence, "I now quit altogether public affairs, and I lay down my burden..."*

From Windsor Castle, Prince Edward travelled to Portsmouth, where a destroyer was waiting to carry him across the water. Midnight had passed when he came to the coast. Fog had settled on the land and on the Channel, and H.M.S. *Fury* moved cautiously towards Boulogne. With the Prince went an equerry and a detective, but none of his servants. A train carried him from Boulogne to Vienna.

One incident on the railway station made people wonder still more over the intricacy of his character. All the way across Europe, the train had been overrun by reporters and photographers, but the Prince had evaded them. In the distress and hurry of arrival at Vienna he paused on the railway station and said to the British Minister, "I want you to let the photographers come along. They have had a very tough journey and they deserve some results."

On Sunday, December 13, the Archbishop of Canterbury preached a sermon in the Concert Hall of Broadcasting House in London. Dr. Lang depended upon moral indignation for his theme, influenced, no doubt, by the long months during which he had watched King George suffering. The full text of the farewell speech is given in the appendix, pp. 217-218.

great bitterness because of the wilfulness of his son. It was not unnatural that he should have had resentment in his heart, but he was out of sympathy with the general feeling of the nation, however true his words may seem when they are considered at a distance of time. The mass of people had watched the young King passing through a crisis, and they had been deeply sad when he chose to go into the night. Dr. Lang said:

"Seldom, if ever, has any British Sovereign come to the throne with greater natural gifts for his kingship. Seldom, if ever, has any Sovereign been welcomed by a more enthusiastic loyalty.

"From God he had received a high and sacred trust. Yet, by his own will, he has abdicated—he has surrendered the trust. With characteristic frankness he has told us his motive. It was a craving for private happiness. Strange and sad it must be that for such a motive, however strongly it pressed upon his heart, he should have disappointed hopes so high, and abandoned a trust so great.

"Even more strange and sad it is that he should have sought his happiness in a manner inconsistent with the Christian principles of marriage, and within a social circle whose standards and ways of life are alien to all the best instincts and traditions of his people.

"Let those who belong to this circle know that to-day they stand rebuked by the judgment of the nation which had loved King Edward. I have shrunk from saying these words. But I have felt compelled for the sake of sincerity and truth to say them."

Many people regretted the condemnation in these sentences: they loved the Prince and had no wish to give him new pain.

It was strange that Prince Edward should have chosen a country of lost causes to begin his exile. It seemed to give the final air of gloom to his story as a monarch, that he should

have hurried across Europe to the little, crushed country where the Habsburgs flourished, and perished. One could not help reflecting on the pathos of the Prince's state when news came of his walking through the vast, deserted rooms of Schönbrunn Palace, free of the "golden yoke of sovereignty" and alone with his failure.

APPENDIX

KING EDWARD VIII'S LAST SPEECH

"At long last I am able to say a few words of my own.

"I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak.

"A few hours ago I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor, and now that I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York, my first words must be to declare my allegiance to him.

"This I do with all my heart.

"You all know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the throne, but I want you to understand that in making up my mind I did not forget the country or the Empire, which as Prince of Wales and lately as King I have for twenty-five years tried to serve.

"But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love.

"And I want you to know that the decision I have made has been mine and mine alone. This was a thing I had to judge entirely for myself. The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to persuade me to take a different course.

"I have made this, the most serious decision of my life, only upon a single thought—of what would in the end be best for all.

"This decision has been made less difficult to me by the sheer knowledge that my brother, with his long training in the public affairs of this country and with his fine qualities, will be able to take my place forthwith without interruption or injury to the life and progress of the Empire.

"And he has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you, and not bestowed on me, a happy home with his wife and children.

"During these hard days I have been comforted by Her Majesty, my mother, and by my family. The Ministers of the Crown, and in particular Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, have always treated me with full consideration. There has never been any constitutional difference between me and them, and between me and Parliament.

"Bred in the constitutional traditions by my father, I should never have allowed any such issue to arise. Ever since I was Prince of Wales, and later on when I occupied the throne, I have been treated with the greatest kindness by all classes of people, wherever I have lived or journeyed throughout the Empire. For that I am very grateful.

"I now quit altogether public affairs, and I lay down my burden. It may be some time before I return to my native land, but I shall always follow the fortunes of the British race and Empire with profound interest, and if at any time in the future I can be found of service to His Majesty in a private station I shall not fail.

"And now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart. God bless you all. GOD SAVE THE KING!"

INSTRUMENT OF ABDICATION

I, Edward the Eighth, of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Emperor of India, do hereby declare My irrevocable determination to renounce the Throne for Myself and for My descendants, and My desire that effect should be given to this Instrument of Abdication immediately.

In token whereof I have hereunto set My hand this tenth day of December, nineteen hundred and thirty-six, in the presence of the witnesses whose signatures are subscribed.

SIGNED AT
FORT BELVEDERE
IN THE PRESENCE
OF

EDWARD R.I.

ALBERT.
HENRY.
GEORGE.

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